

The **TAMARACK**



NO. 1111







TAMARACK

NORTH CENTRAL
HIGH SCHOOL



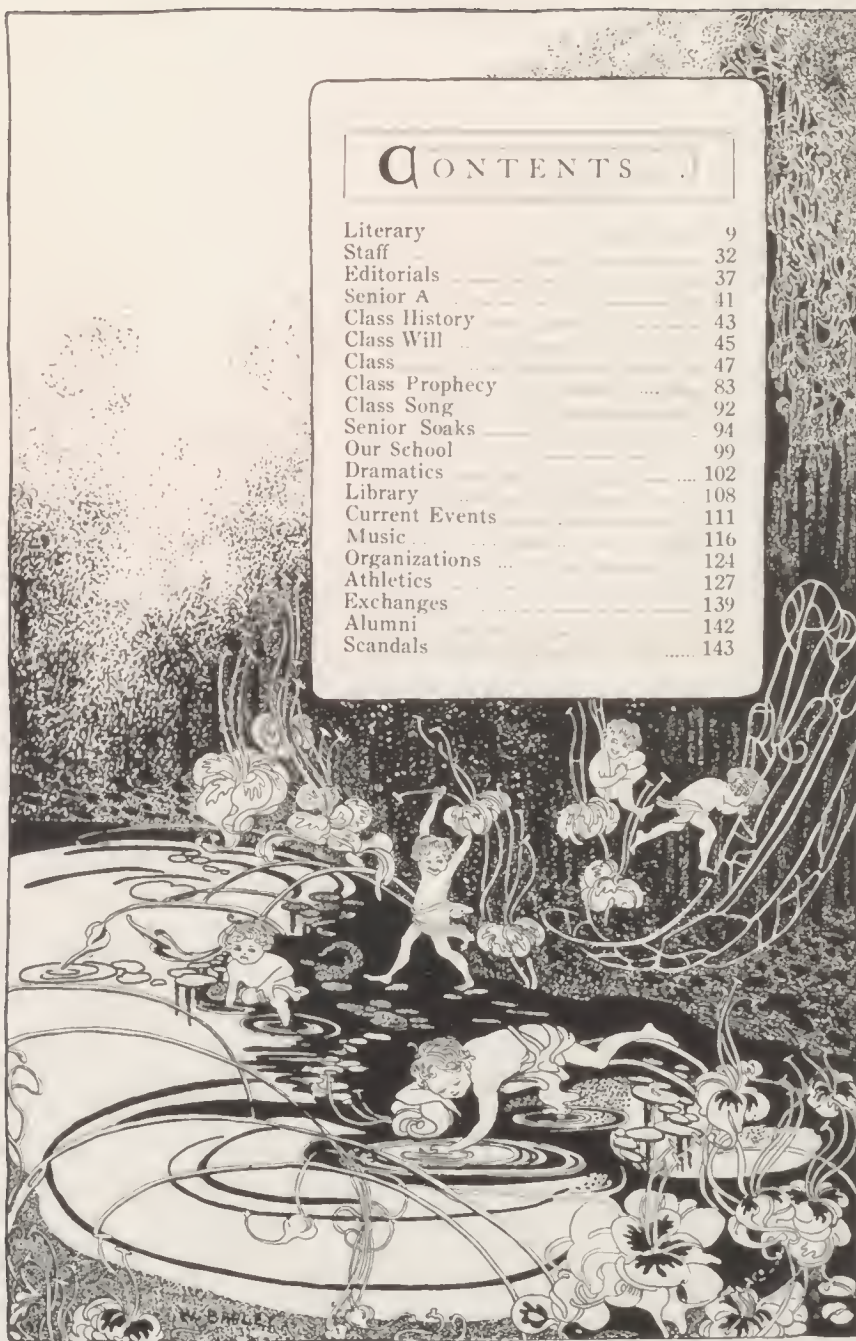
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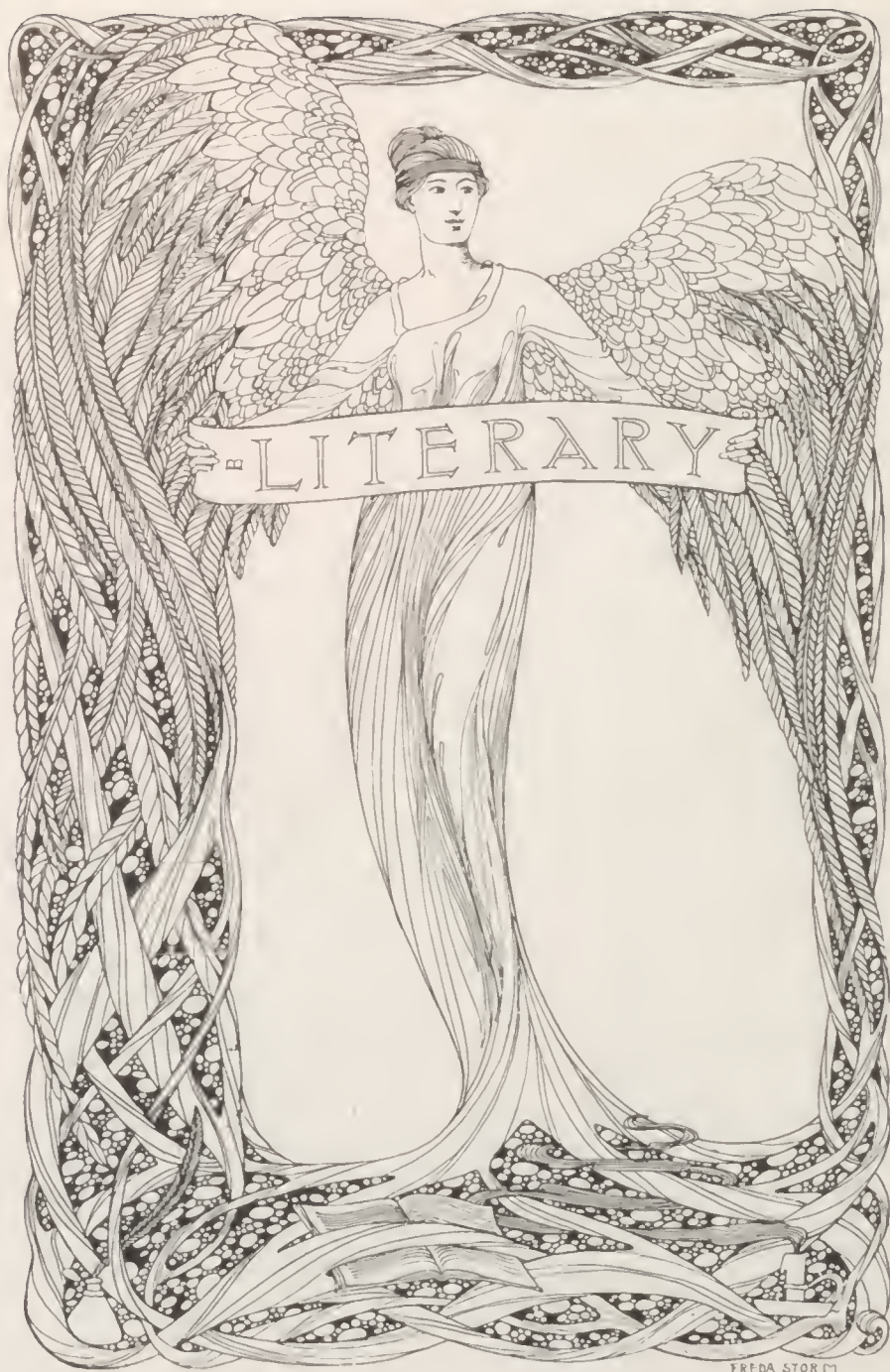
June
'15

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FREDA STORM



"THE FINIS"

By Frank W. Taylor, June '15



THE TENSE stillness of night was upon the forest. Except for the low murmuring of the river as it flowed swiftly on to its destination or the occasional outcry of some restless nightbird, no sound broke the silence.

Then gradually at first, but faster and faster the east broke into dawn and the night faded slowly away. The river could be distinguished now as it threaded its way through the forest. Giant pines and tamaracks rose in majestic grandeur upon its banks and shaded the swift green waters with their overhanging branches. Then, as the sun swung up over the mountains in the east, the forest and river seemed to spring into sudden life. The multi-colored birds of the forest awoke and filled the woods with their shrill cries as they busied themselves with getting their breakfast.

Then the bank of ferns on the west side of the river parted and three deer filed slowly down to the water's edge to drink. Two of the deer were does, but the third was a large buck, handsome and well formed. His coat was a dark glossy brown and as smooth as velvet, but his crowning glory was the large, many-pronged set of antlers.

They were the largest in the land and for many years their size and his skill in using them had made him monarch of the forest. He had conquered all who had dared to face those majestic antlers, but he had become tired of his reign and wished to seek new lands to conquer, for the blood of a race of fighters coursed hotly through his veins and he could not for long be content in these peaceful surroundings.

The two does who had come down to the watering place with him fawned around now in meek subjection, but it did not please him, for the spirit of the conqueror was strong upon him this morning and these humble signs of submission to his will made him restless. He pawed the soft dirt bank and shook his head in defiance to every living thing, and then stood on guard ready to meet the attack if any came. He repeated this several times and emphasized it with the loud bellow of the bull deer until the woods fairly rang with his rage and defiance. The hills echoed back his challenge but

the echoes served only to increase his anger and still the unseen enemy did not appear.

Finally he ceased his challenge in disgust, realizing that no foe of this land dared face him, and he determined to hunt new pastures.

Plunging into the river he swam to the opposite shore and disappeared into the forest, never looking for a path, but crashing on through the undergrowth, making a path as he went with his giant antlers.

He traveled on and on, always to the north, and finally found himself in a new country. No thick underbrush grew here, but the ground was covered with low, scraggly pines and it was much colder.

He soon accustomed himself to his new surroundings and found plenty of battle for even his bloodthirsty soul, for here he met and fought the mighty moose, and he was forced to fight as he had never fought before to even hold his own with this new foe with the massive horns.

Here it was also that he met his new foe the timber wolf, and as he lay resting at night in his retreat he would often hear the long, weird howl of the leader of the pack, and then it would be answered by the members of the pack as they gathered for the hunt.

At first he wondered what that strange call meant and who gave it, but he was not long in ignorance, for before many moons Buck became the object of the hunt. Then, for the first time in his life, he was forced to flee from an enemy, for he realized that even he, great warrior that he was, would be no match for this gang of savage, snarling, canine; and as self-preservation, which after all is the predominant characteristic of all living things, was strong in him, he turned and fled.

The pack started in pursuit, but swift of foot as they were they were no match for the fleet-footed Buck.

The short summer was soon ended and the first snow fell, and then, almost before Buck realized it, he was in the midst of a cold Arctic winter. He was unable to get around as well now, for his small, sharp hoofs broke through the thin crust of the snow and made running almost impossible. Now he heard the weird howling of the wolves every night and the sound sent terror to his heart and he would lie and tremble in fear because he knew that he would be no match for them in the snow.

He passed about half the winter without being molested by the pack, but as it grew colder they became desperate, for there was little food for them in the winter and they were almost starved with hunger. One cold night as Buck was lying among a few scrub bushes he heard the call of the pack coming closer and closer, and before he knew it the wolves were almost upon him. He sprang up and started his flight through the deep snow in terror.

He floundered on and on just out of reach of the pack, but could not pull away from the danger zone. He was frantic now and paid no attention to direction, his only object being to out-distance that persistent gray mob that kept pressing closer and closer. He went on blindly for what seemed ages to his tired body and toward morning he found himself high up among the mountains, miles from where he had started, but the pack were still hanging on and getting closer. Then it was that Buck realized he would have to fight, for he found himself trapped at the end of a ravine and he could go no farther. He turned with his back to a giant pine, and bracing his feet far apart he waited with lowered head. The pack came nearer, and then stopped only a few feet away and began to spread in that fatal death circle that only wolves know how to form.

Buck had gained confidence in himself now and all the old fighting spirit came back ten-fold. He bellowed out his challenge to his foes and swung his horns back and forth in savage defiance, but the pack did not close in. There he stood in that awful gray circle with lowered head and bristling mane, fiery eyes glowing like red hot coals in the dusk. Suddenly the circle was broken and a gray body shot out like lightning at Buck's throat, only to be tossed high in the air by his horns, falling just outside the circle with a broken back. Then another body came, and still another, only to meet the same fate. A few of the pack turned and began to devour the dead bodies of the three Buck had killed, but the circle still remained intact.

Then it seemed to Buck that the whole pack closed in together, for every way he turned he met their tearing white teeth and snapping jaws that burned like fire every time they closed. He fought blindly on, never giving in for a moment until his tired, aching muscles refused to work longer. His proud head dropped, all covered with the hot blood of battle, and his burning eyes closed as he reeled and sank into an unconscious heap under the last savage attack of the pack.

A FEUD OF THE NORTH

Homer Collins, June '15



THREE homesteaders were just leaving the little clearing armed with axes, spades, and other implements of the woods to fight the demon Fire, whose smoky breath could be seen rolling darkly over the far-away crest of Timber Mountain. The three paused at the rude gate to wait for another man, Roger Hurd, who was saying farewell to his newly won bride, Lily Sheridan, formerly the cause of so many heartaches among the young bachelor homesteaders. As he joined them, all swung their packs on their backs, took a last look at the menacing glow on the far-away hills, and then plunging into the deep timber, went on to join other small groups of men who would unite in fighting to save their timber from the roaring, consuming flames.

The four went single file down the narrow trail into the big valley, from which they went uphill, now on trails, and now along the faintly marked section lines of the survey. It was early morning when the little group left Mrs. Hurd at the cabin, it was noon when they ate lunch in the big valley, and it was growing dusk when they reached the crest on the other side. The day had been hot. Down in the draws it had been moist and fairly cool, but out on the exposed ridges the prolonged droughth had dried the forest covering of needles and small branches so much that everything the man trod crackled, only waiting for a torch before flaming up and on.

Though it was almost time to "turn in" when they reached camp, they went along one of the newly cut fire trails to see the preparations already made. There was a northwest breeze blowing which they feared might fan the flames to their utmost fury, and to counteract this, elaborate fire trails had been made, often following a stream of water.

Some of the crew that had been out all day were just coming in, and so all the men walked back together, the one group tired and travel-stained, the other, tired and smoke-stained besides. Hurd was startled as he saw Jack Bradley come up with the rest. Jack Bradley, who came so near winning his own fair Lily Sheridan, and whose failure still rankled and threatened to start trouble for the successful suitor! So he engaged in conversation with an old man

by the name of Tom Rice, one of his acquaintances in the other group, and after a while casually asked how Jack was feeling toward him.

Tom Rice looked back, spat out some tobacco juice, and then cautiously confided, "Wal, I dunno. You'd better be a little careful. I think he's still sore about you getting her, but if there's any trouble just remember you can count on me."

"Thanks, Tom, but I hope I'll not have to call upon you, for I don't want anything to happen that would give her any unhappiness; but I'll remember. You know he lives on the other side of the hills from us and trades at a different town, so I don't see him often, but once I did and,—well, he was willing enough to start something. He's from the mountains of South Carolina and he wanted to settle things as they do down there. In fact, Tom, he called me some pretty hard names before we parted, because I wasn't willing to fight it out."

"Yes, I know," said Tom, "he's a pretty fair sort, but his hot southern blood carries him too far here in the north, and he can't control his temper. But here is the camp. So long."

With that Tom took one look at the now all-too-familiar tents, then plunged down a bank to wash at the creek. Hurd stood still, not quite sure what to do next. Jack, who had been following moodily behind the rest, now paused a bit before he passed, saying to him as he did so, "You round here again?" Then in his sneering manner said, "You'd better go home, kid, before you get hurt." With this he shrugged his shoulders as the other did not retaliate and strode down to the creek where the rest were getting ready for supper.

But though Hurd did not show any anger then, he vowed to settle up all accounts the next day. As both avoided each other to some extent that night, there were no new hostilities displayed between the two.

The next morning at daylight the men were tumbled out and hastily fed in preparation of another day's fight with the fire.

After the breakfast of bacon, oatmeal, and "spuds," the man in charge of the firefighting operations came along and chose the crews for the day, putting Hurd and Jack Bradley on the same one.

"Yes, Hurd and Bradley are on the same crew," he said in answer to a question by Tom Rice. "Now remember, your crew only patrols your section. Fire trail's all made and you just watch

it so another won't be necessary. Your axes and shovels are all that you need."

Down the trail they had first struck they went, crossing several more, and then turned uphill to go to their own particular stretch. The smoke clouds were already freshing up in the light morning breeze and at times were so dense and so close to earth that every one threw himself down to breathe the purer air until the smoke cloud lifted.

Hurd was expecting trouble and had been planning just how to crush all resistance at the first opportunity, and all he was doing now was waiting for that opportunity. It soon came. Jack was talking with someone a few steps behind him and Hurd thought he heard his name mentioned, then a scornful laugh. He paused for Jack to come up, then wheeled around and started in on his companion.

"You apologize for that," he demanded, though he did not expect his demand to be complied with. It was not.

Jack pugnaciously came forward, strengthening Hurd's belief in his charge.

"Apologize for what? I'll not do it, whatever it is."

Hurd dropped his shovel, and made a quick though light blow on the other's face, but did not have time for another, for Jack landed a hard blow on Hurd's chest. The two then maneuvered on the steep sidehill, sparring cautiously, though looking for a chance for heavier blows. In the meantime the rest of the men crowded around and tried to stop the fight, but it took old Tom Rice to do it, even though he had been downhill, puffing on behind the rest.

"Here, quit that," he ordered as soon as he had caught up with the rest. He then shouldered through and stepped in between the two. "We've no time for this sort of foolishness. Jack, you go on ahead and work off to the right, and Hurd, you work off to the left, and no more of this today."

Then, being backed up by the other men, he forced the two farther apart and saw to it that they went in opposite directions when they reached their part of the firetrail. But they had not had it all out yet, and began to think of the next time they would meet. There would be serious trouble, for no one was to be near this next time.

The fire in this part had already burned up to the trench, and their work consisted of preventing it from getting outside into the

green timber and thus preventing a continuation of the sea of gray-ash which is everywhere the emblem of desolation. So each worked at what he considered most important. One took charge of a little tongue of fire which had jumped the ditch of the fire-trail and was trying to make a start on that side; another followed along a burning tree which had fallen over from the burn, and smothered the flames with earth.

Jack worked until the rest had left him, then ax in hand, followed back and started in the direction Hurd had taken. With eyes taking in all man-like objects through the drifting smoke and avoiding all his companions, he passed stealthily forward, all noises he made being lost in the constant crackling of the fire, for even though its first fury had burned itself out it still found much to consume. Soon he saw Hurd at work with his shovel, back toward him. With still lighter footfall and crouching form, Jack crept nearer. Vague memories came to him of a time when he had so crept up on a man, Winchester in hand, in his own native mountains and had sped the bullet into a man unconscious of his danger. But now he was standing only three feet behind the other, with ax poised for a sudden blow. Hurd instinctively wheeled around, only to see the great danger. But Jack did not strike yet. He only rebuked the desolated surroundings with a loud laugh as he showed how he would end their feud, then laughed again, long and wild.

"Get down on your knees. That's right. Now pray for your life, pray to me. I've got you where you've got to crawl. About one minute and you get yours. Ha! Ha! Ha! I'll have her yet, and anyway one low-down skunk gets his. Ha! Ha! Ha!" and Jack still delayed the blow to triumph a little more.

To Hurd, actually kneeling in the ashes and half suffocated with the smoke the case really was desperate, with this raving devotee of feuds standing over him. But Jack still was laughing, head tossed back. Hurd made a sudden leap for safety. But the pursuer was at his heels with the ax. The one in South Carolina did not get away, and this one should not, Jack vowed. Hurd dodged, jumping over burning logs, and was forced to go still farther back into the smoking ruins. He turned to see how far ahead he was. He stumbled and fell at the base, regained his balance, and was off again. But Jack had caught up with him and made a heavy swing with the ax, missing the living mark but biting deeply into an already toppling cedar. Without noticing his danger he jerked out the ax and kept on, right in the path of falling trees, and was

caught, felled, and crushed, as a rabbit would be by a dead-fall set for a bear.

A minute later, heart beating fast with running and horror, shoes crackling in the heat, and dusty with ashes, some still smouldering, Hurd tried frantically to rescue the body, but it was of no use. He called for help, but the changing wind blew back upon the burn. With solemn air and heart entirely freed from anger, he bared his head by the side of his one-time rival, murmured a short prayer in his behalf, then traced his way back.

With shambling gait and lowered head he hurried back through the stifling atmosphere to the green timber by the firetrail, and after some searching found his old friend, Tom Rice.

"Well, well," called Tom in greeting, laying aside his shovel and mopping his sweaty brow. "Wind's plumb southeast now and we've got the fire checked already. Why sonny, what's wrong wid ye?"

"Tom," solemnly said Roger Hurd, "Jack and I met, and his fire of passion went out. Come back into the burn and help carry out his body."



THE STORM

Clouds abounding,
Blasts resounding,
Through the glen and o'er the dale,
Torrents gushing,
People rushing,
From the dreaded sleet and hail.
Clouds departing,
People starting
Once again upon their way;
Sunshine beaming,
Rainbow gleaming
On the world in grand array;
Air is sweeter,
Landscape neater
Glistening in the light of day.
—Winifred Bagley, June '15.

SWEET SYRINGA

Where Spokane's blue river flows,
There the Sweet Syringa grows.
Waxy blossoms bending low,
O'er the gurgling stream below,
Whisper in the mirror blue
Words of love so soft and true.
Singing birds and humming bees
Settle on the near-by trees;
From Syringa's golden heart
Bees take honey, then depart;
And the pretty birds are gay
As they sing on this June day:
While the breeze so gently blows,
On the dimpled river flows.

—M. A. D.

LOUISE, THE BUCKSKIN MARE

(A True Story)

Esther Carter, June '15



THE COUNTRY known as "North of Range Forty-one" is very mountainous, thinly timbered, and sparsely settled. Homesteaders had just begun to come in to settle on the few fertile spots of land. The country being new, they were not able to fence in pastures, so in the spring after the day's work the farmers were compelled to turn the horses loose on the range, rising early enough in the morning to get them in time for the day's work.

As summer advanced and the work became lighter, the farmers grew accustomed to let their horses stay out a few nights at a time, until they gradually collected and grazed together in a band.

One day there appeared on the range a small band of horses led by a buckskin mare. Who owned these horses or where they came from, no one seemed to know. Under the leadership of this mare, the band began to grow and the once gentle horses, became as wild as deer. Being without horses to work and unable to catch them, the homesteaders agreed to meet at Griffith's ranch at eight o'clock on Sunday, July 8. On the appointed day men from all the surrounding country were there. A corral was soon built and after about an hour's riding, they came upon the band.

The horses were driven to the corral, but when they were almost in the buckskin mare scented danger for herself and the band. She wheeled and despite the frantic efforts of the riders, took her band with her past the opening. She skillfully guided them past all the riders and managed to keep them between her band and the corral. The riders were never able to get the band near the corral again, and the men were in despair.

Meanwhile the fame of this mare had spread all over the surrounding country. The farmers named her Louise. At last as a final effort to get their horses, they sent a call to all the old cowboys and riders in the country. On the day set such a gathering had never been witnessed. Sid Featherby of Wild Rose Prairie, Jim Fox of Deer Park, George Marshall, the most experienced of all the cowboys, and many other famous riders almost as well known, were there.

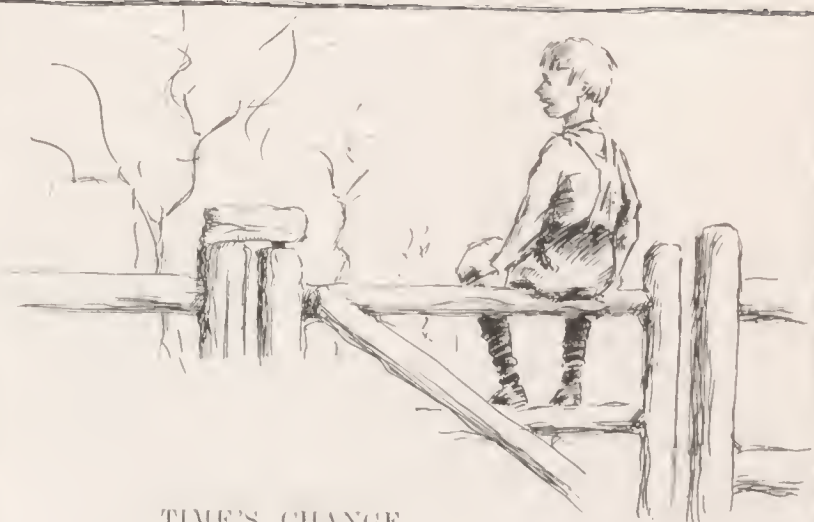
The first three or four days the cowboys met with no more success than the farmers had had, so the fifth day they organized themselves into three groups under the leadership of Fox, Featherby, and Marshall. Then they drove the horses up the hill to a stretch about a mile long, the north side of which faced the rim, the east side the forest, and on the west side there was a wall of rock. They cut trees and made a fence or corral that looked like the growing trees. The corral extended from the wall of rock to the river, leaving just one side open. From the opening in the corral they built two fences of trees, making a long lane.

The next morning two of the riders mounted their horses, each taking another horse with him. These men went to the ridge and cut Louise off from her band and just ran her enough to warm her up. Louise went straight for the woods, and led the riders a merry chase among the trees. Finally they drove her out of the trees and on to the plains. She was still running easily. The chase was now close and all downhill. The mare ran in a straight line for several rods. Then she suddenly stopped short, wheeled and coursed away toward the forest and vanished.

She soon reappeared, for Marshall had cut her off and faced her about. She shot away to the left and flashed through the glades beyond. This was just what the men wished her to do. Louise was headed straight for the mouth of the corral. She dashed in before she knew it, and the riders closed in on her. The other horses were easily driven into the corral and caught. But they could not rope Louise.

When Louise found herself trapped she dashed round and round the corral, tried to climb the stone wall, and then would dash round and round again. Each time she passed the riders standing at the gate her eyes became wilder and wilder.

Then all at once she made a dash at the gate and before the riders knew what was happening she was past them and halfway up the mountain trail. When Louise reached the top she turned and looked down on them as if in disdain. Rifles were raised, then gently lowered. There was the common thought that she had earned it. The cowboys could not help admiring her generalship. Louise turned and slowly disappeared over the mountain as she had come, no one knew where.

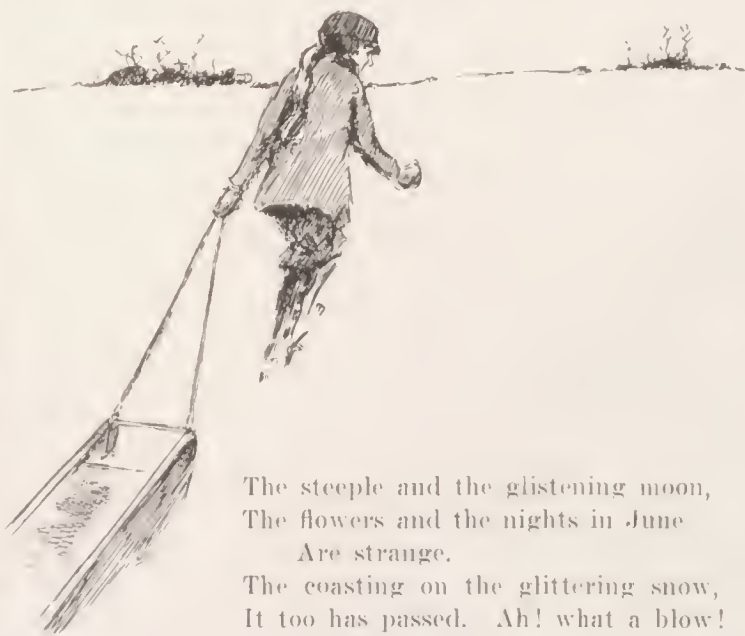


TIME'S CHANGE

The gate whereon I used to swing,
When first the greening days of spring
 Rolled 'round,
Is gone forever and for aye,
For Time has rotted it away,
 I've found.

The creek where all we boys once fished—
And many's the day that I have wished
 Me there,—
Is now a picture of the past,
A picture that with me will last
 For e'er.





The steeple and the glistening moon,
The flowers and the nights in June
Are strange.
The coasting on the glittering snow,
It too has passed. Ah! what a blow!
The change!

And I am changing as the years
Laugh with my joys, wipe up the tears
I shed.
But mem'ries, sought, are ever clear,
So half a life is but a year
Instead.

—Stuart Lower.

Stuart Lower
1875



THE COWARD

(First Prize Story in Vox Puellarum Short Story Contest)

By Olive Lepper, Jan. '16



JIM HARDING stood before his lonely hut on the top of a hill and surveyed the surrounding country. The sun, just disappearing behind the opposite hill, cast purple shadows into the valley below.

Harding was a wonderful specimen of manhood. He was tall, slender, and muscular. As he stood there with his head uncovered, the soft breeze ruffled his wavy brown hair. His mouth was set in hard lines, and his steel blue eyes wore a troubled expression behind their outward calm.

Suddenly a shudder ran through his great, gaunt frame. He turned and patted the head of the huge dog standing beside him.

"Jack, I can't endure this much longer. Oh, what a curse it is to be a coward! A coward!" He shook again from head to foot.

He turned to the dog. "Jack," he said, "I've got to tell you the story again. I can't stand this loneliness much longer. You know I'm not all bad, don't you, Jack?" But how can I make them believe it? If only one friend had come and shaken me by the hand when I left the prison doors, it might have been different. But they all hated me and called me a thief. Yes, they all hated me.

"I wouldn't have cared if I'd only had a friend, but I couldn't face the world without one. I can't now, I haven't the courage. Jack, do you know what the word friend means? Ah, it means more than any other word in the world. A friend is one who will do more for a man than he will do for himself. I could think aloud before a friend just as I am thinking aloud before you. A friendless man is the most unhappy creature in the world! Just think of it! Friendless!"

Harding was now pacing rapidly back and forth in front of the cabin.

"Oh, I suppose even a dog gets tired of this story, but I've got to talk. You know, Jack, how I left everything and everybody and came here. I thought I'd be happier, but I'm not. Every time I stand here on the hill and see the sun go down behind the pines it all comes back to me. A voice shouts in my ears, 'You coward,

you are afraid to face the world.' That voice tells the truth! I am afraid to face the world! I am afraid to face the loneliness of this life! He even knows I do not want to face Death at my own hands."

He stopped speaking and entered his hut with bowed head. That night, like all previous nights, was spent in restless slumber. He could not sleep in the wilderness. The beauty of the woods and the wildness of nature was like a desert to him, because he did not have the companionship of man. He loved humanity better; the thought that all relationship with mankind was forever lost to him, outweighed any sense of beauty which might otherwise have comforted him.

The following morning he arose and prepared his food in the gray light of the dawn.

Suddenly a strange cry resounded through the woods. One unfamiliar with the creatures of the forest, might have supposed that it came from human lips, but it was the cry of a hunted beast.

Harding reached for his glasses, ran from the hut, and climbed nimbly up a near-by tree. This was his lookout. He glanced quickly over the valley, and then his eyes rested on the hillside opposite him. He kept them riveted on this spot for many minutes.

The sight he beheld was not an unusual one. It was, however, one seldom witnessed by a human eye. He saw a lone wolf holding a stag at bay. The poor creature stood by the cliff and waited for the attack to commence. The snarling wolf walked back and forth with all the instinct of his race to tantalize his prey before killing. Finally he jumped at the stag's throat. The proud head came down, and with a rush the wolf was caught by the heavy antlers and sent hurling through the air. Again and again he was successfully met. At last the wolf lay still upon the ground, and the victor stalked proudly away.

Jim remained motionless in the treetop. He had seen a wild animal overcome his enemy. What wonderful courage the beautiful stag had shown! He had faced his tormentor with a grim determination and he had won.

With a shout Jim climbed to the lowest limb and leaped to the ground. "Jack! Jack! We're going home! If a poor wild animal can face danger like that stag did, a man, the highest creature on the earth, can face the sneers of his fellow-men, and show them that he's not all bad."

Then a cloud passed slowly over his face. His arms dropped limply to his side. "Yes, I would go back if I had a friend to help me."

That evening the shadows cast by the setting sun threw a ghastly light over the whole scene. Darkness fell upon the hills, but no light shone in the lonely hut. It was well toward midnight when the moon arose and revealed the figure of a man lying face downward before the cabin. The dog sitting beside the form raised his nose toward the sky, and the deep hush of the hills was broken by a long piercing wail.

DEAR OLD NORTH CENTRAL

'Tis time to leave North Central High,
The school to me so dear;
And from my heart there comes a sigh,
Drops from my eye a tear.

Full many an hour of wholesome fun
I've had within your walls;
Tho' my diploma I have won,
I still would roam your halls.

Some friendships that I've here begun
Are very dear to me;
And some will last 'till life is done,
While others, — be in memory.

I can't forget the dear N. C.,
At home or far away;
And I will keep in memory,
A token of today.

— Ruth Brown, June '15.

The Strategy of Cornelius Adolphus Sodaberg

Stuart Lower, June '15



WHENEVER a villain, reptile that he is, runs off with another man's wife, it is the sacred and honorable duty of the husband to hunt the scoundrel down, shoot him on the spot, and spurn the wicked and sinful woman as she lies sobbing at his feet. But Cornelius Adolphus Sodaberg—age, thirteen years, six months, two days, and nine hours—as he sat on the steps of his home that May evening, though he longed for a more terrible and awful revenge, could do nothing of the kind. In the first place Jewel had not run off; she had simply turned up her nose and told him she did not like him, which was very plain language indeed. In the second place he possessed no gun with which to shoot Sam Harker, except his father's old Civil War pistol which hung above the dresser. Cornelius vividly remembered the time he had experimented with it behind the barn, thereby creating a very exciting runaway, and carpeting the alley for two blocks with cabbages; while a wild-eyed, blood-thirsty Chinaman danced around, cursing at the top of his voice in his own Oriental tongue. Cornelius had sprained his wrist also, and besides, his father had threatened him with a thrashing if he ever touched the gun again. No! Shooting Sam was out of the question! Also he could not lick Sam. Why? Sam was a fighter and an athlete! In the third place it was very doubtful if Jewel would sobbingly cringe at his feet. Cornelius had an intuition she would not—she was far too head-strong and self-willed. Take it all in all Cornelius was up a much higher stump than any deserted husband.

Young Mr. Sodaberg surveyed his troubles with rising anger and disgust. Oh! to be a man! If he were but two inches taller and weighed thirty pounds more! He pondered deeply. What if by some streak of luck he could challenge Sam and vanquish him on the spot before the young lady! He felt a growing confidence. He would go out and find his hated rival! Yes, he would break—no, he had better wait awhile, for here came the two now who were uppermost in his mind—Sam and Jewel. Cornelius clung closer to the shadow of the house. Embittered he watched them pass. Oh,

to see Sam tied before him, and to hit him a whack on the head, so that he would never rise again! They were sipping and eating an ice cream cone, turn about. They'd been visiting Charlie's Confectionery Store, had they? (Cornelius wondered where Sam had stolen the money.) His heart swelled within him; passions swayed him dangerously; angry words rose to his lips:

"Sammy, Sammy, nannyy-pannyy,
Loves a little girl"

But never fear, Cornelius Adolphus Sodaberg was too wise to utter such taunting words. He prudently remembered that tomorrow was Friday, and that Sam's room marched out of school ahead of his own; also Sam was a better and faster runner.

Cornelius sat down upon the steps again, heavy at heart. Why had fate decreed the school have a track meet? If not, he would still be walking with Jewel Archer instead of his hated rival. She had given him (Cornelius) her heart that night in April he had sung at the Church Fair "Oh, Deep Is the Love I Have For You." She had been his alone until Sam Barker had won the greatest number of points two days before in the school races, and had been crowned by her. Sam had hypnotized her in some manner and won her away, the sneak! Cornelius sniffed with contempt. Very well, she should suffer, not he. In days to come when he would be noted and admired on the stage, she might repent her fickleness. Cornelius got up and slowly, wearily, wended his way indoors. His father was sitting near the table reading "The Woman's World."

"The only way to get rich nowadays is by strategy and graft," he muttered, more to himself than any individual, seeing as the cat was the only living thing in the room beside Cornelius.

"Say, Pa," said Cornelius in a dead, distant voice, "what's strategy?"

"Strategy, my son, strategy, ah—yes, strategy—is a—let me see! Strategy a-a—a—what are you bothering me for, anyway? Haven't I told you to leave me alone when I am reading? Ask your mother." Mrs. Sodaberg had just entered the room.

"Say, Ma, what's strategy?"

"Well, Cornelius, it means you get the best of someone by using your brain—by overcoming them without them suspecting it."

"That's a great definition to give a child, I must say. Why aren't you a little more lucid?" Mr. Sodaberg cleared his throat and glanced importantly at his wife.

"Well, then, you"——

But Mr. Sodaberg did not hear. He had laid aside "The Woman's World," and was already lost in the trills of the "Police Gazette."

Although Cornelius had but a vague, indefinite idea of the meaning of strategy, he nevertheless determined, that night in bed, he would win back the fair-haired Jewel by strategy; how he did not know.

Friday night his mother took him to a "Charity Entertainment," and he saw his first puppet performance. All the way home his mind was grasping at big ideas, and Saturday morning he had his plan completed. He mysteriously called Chester Freeman, a craftsman and mechanic of no small importance among the boys; Jess Hamer, a boy with an artistic touch like himself, and Frank Golden, a jack-of-all-trades, into his barn. There he outlined his plan.

Never did such an enthusiastic crowd of boys leap into the sunlight of a yard as those four boys thirty minutes later. They were going to start a theatre which would surpass anything of its kind ever attempted in the neighborhood before.

Chester, or "Chet" as he was called by the boys, found a large packing box, and by night had constructed a stage in the doorway which led from the barn to the lean-to, with a miniature curtain that rolled up and down, an arch of cardboard colored artistically to give the effect of a real theatre, and wings that would have been a credit to any first-class house. When they had drooped the heavy brown curtains, borrowed from Mrs. Sodaberg's upstairs, above and around the packing box so that none of the audience could see what was going on behind the scenes, a person standing on a bench in the lean-to could look directly down upon the stage and manipulate the characters from above without the spectators realizing he was there.

The dolls—heroes, pirates, villains, negroes, convicts, guards, heroines, mothers, grandmothers, and grandfathers—were made from a piece of white cloth, stuffed with cotton and tied at the neck to represent a head. The hair, eyes, and nose were inked on, and now and then a beard of horse hair was attached to represent some special character, such as Rip Van Winkle. The rest of the body was sewed onto the head, the clothes telling the occupation and standing of the character, and whether male or female.

Properties were constructed from small blocks of wood and pasteboard; dining room and kitchen sets, bedroom and parlor sets, even a black stove with a stovepipe.

Interior scenes were made and colored to represent the wealth and station of the people living there. For the first play, "An Old Plantation Song"—it had been suggested and named by Cornelius—a special cotton-field scene, and a mountain in Alaska (they later used it as the mountain on which Rip Van Winkle went to sleep) had been constructed. The boys were wild over the scheme, and to cap the climax, the day before the show was to be given—one week after they had begun—"Chet" brought over several little electric light bulbs and a battery to light them for use behind the scenes.

Friday after school Jess and Cornelius practiced the show, learning to guide the dolls backward and forward by wires fastened in their heads, without knocking over every tree and bush in their path. Jess wanted to sing the song which was to be the climax of the play, but Cornelius would not consider it even if his voice was changing. Jess was mollified, however, by Cornelius allowing him to work and speak for the hero throughout the play.

Promptly at two-thirty o'clock Saturday afternoon the barn doors closed on a good-sized audience. Cornelius had been very busy throughout the week, but he had still found time to keep his eye on Jewel and Sam. He had made it his special duty to see that they came, and now they were sitting out there in the barn together.

Cornelius and Jess grasped their dolls. The orchestra was finishing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"—at least that was what it was supposed to be—and "Chet" climbed up and took the curtain cord.

The comb band had finished. "Ready!" whispered Cornelius, and the curtain rose slowly on an old plantation scene. Whispers of delight came from the audience, except one little snuffle of contempt from Sam. The plot centered around Molly, a southern girl; Jim, her lover; and Bolton, the villainous overseer.

In the first act Molly's mother wishes her to marry the overseer so that they may save the plantation which he has obtained by some unlawful means. So in order to save her old mother Molly refuses Jim, and he leaves, threatening never to return.

Act II, a year later, opens on a snowy mountain-top. Enter Jim. He finds a gold mine, but he is not happy. He is thinking of the girl he left in the south.

The third act is laid in the plantation house, six months later. Molly is to marry Bolton on the morrow. After he has gone she sits in a chair, her back to the window, and rocks back and forth, talking to herself. Jim appears at the window—you recognize him by the flour from the snowy mountain-top still clinging to his clothes.

The audience was waiting with bated breath. A long pause followed. Cornelius was making the most of this dramatic scene. "Strategy, that was it, strategy!" he muttered to himself.

Molly stops rocking. She says in a voice breaking with emotion:
"Oh, Jim, Jim, where are you?"

It was the voice of Cornelius.

A little girl in the audience felt a pang of sorrow run through her. How wonderful Cornelius was to think of such things! She drew away from Sam who was trying to make a sneering remark about the snow still clinging to the hero's clothes. She stared at the stage and waited.

Then Cornelius began. All of the emotion he could command he put into that thrilling, heart-rending song, "Oh Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" Molly sang in a loud, unsteady, masculine voice which broke several times, but no one in the audience noticed. They were carried far, far away to the South and its white cotton-fields. The singing must have had some emotion in it, because Fido, the old watch-dog, sat up on his haunches outside the shed and turned his nose to the sky. "Chet" rushed from the lean-to hurriedly with several large sticks in his hands, and Fido slunk away with his tail between his legs.

Inside the play continued.

Jim has left the window. He appears on the stage from the wings. Molly is singing the last line now, "Oh, tell him I love him still."

Cornelius put his very soul into that last line. Jess looked at him critically.

"Why don't yuh bawl and be done with it?" he muttered.

But out in the audience a little girl was choking back the sobs.

Molly is supposed to rock for a moment. Both the boys had agreed to this beforehand. But Jess, who was working Jim, had grown tired of waiting.

"Molly, dear, here I am!" Jim says.

"Darn you, Jess, you spoiled my effect by butting in!" Cornelius whispered angrily.

"Hurry up and say your next speech."

"Oh, Jim, I knew you'd come, I knew it!" said Cornelius as he maneuvered Molly into Jim's waiting arms. The curtain descended; the play was over.

That evening Cornelius Adolphus Sodaberg guided Jewel down toward Charlie's Confectionery Store. The little girl glanced up at him with eyes shining, and for the twentieth time said:

"Oh, Cornelius, how could you do it? You're the most wonderful person I know."

It's Hard to Swim Against the Stream

"Life is like a mighty river,
Rolling on from day to day;
Men are swimming hard against it,
Sometimes wrecked and cast away.

Do your best for one another,
Making life a pleasant dream,
Help a worn and weary brother
Pulling hard against the stream."



HERE is a stream, the stream of life, which all must swim; some choose the upward way and some the downward. If we are swimming against the stream, let us not think that fate is ill-treating us, for it is by hardship that our sweeter and more perfect nature is drawn out.

Do you wish to live without a trial? Then you wish to be but half a man. Without a trial you cannot guess at your strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table, they go into deep water and buffet the waves. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

An acorn is not an oak tree when it is sprouted. It must pass through long summers and hard, cold winters, before it reaches its full growth. So a man is not a man when he is created; his manhood must come with years, and with them, the struggles and trials which mold a strong and persevering character.

In time of war, whom does the general select for the dangerous and hazardous duty? He chooses the man who will not flinch at danger, but go bravely through what is allotted to him. It has been said by some one that difficulties are God's errands.

Man must be willing to take life as it comes, with its struggles and difficulties, or its joys and successes. Let us not despair in swimming against the stream, for despair is the destruction of all hope; our struggles and hardships are but the stepping stones to something higher. Our trials strengthen us; our discouragements, misfortunes, adversities, and calamities are all stepping stones for us; each successive victory raises us higher in strength and power.

Everywhere in human experience hardship is the vestibule of success. It is not the child of wealth carried into manhood on the lap of luxury, who carries away the world's honors or wins its mightiest influence, but it is rather the man who in his earlier years was cheered by scarcely a proffer of aid or a smile of approbation, and who has drawn from adversity the elements of greatness.

You will see issuing from the same college—perhaps from the same home—two young men, the one admitted to be a genius, the other scarcely above the mediocre; yet the genius may sink and perish in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness, while on the other hand you shall observe the mediocre breasting the stream of life, to gain at last eminence and distinction—a credit to his family and a blessing to his country.

—Daisy Lopp, June '15.



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EDITOR

EDITORIAL STAFF

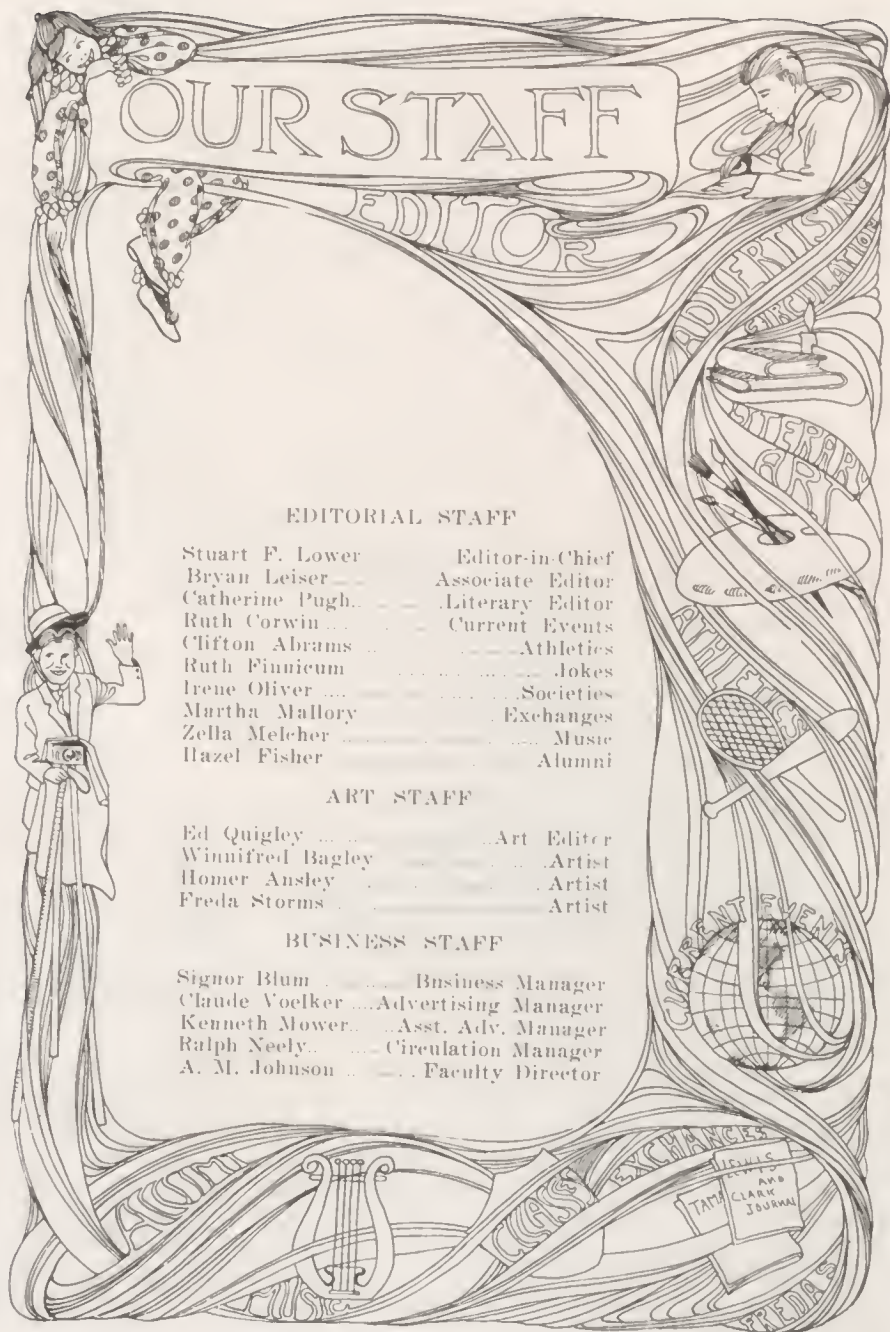
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EDITORIALS

REAL PATRIOTS

In times of stress, when strained relations between national governments arouse the rabid utterances of pretended patriots, who urge popular pressure on their governments to force war, let every one ask himself the question: Do I want to bear the brunt of war? If the answer he finds in his own heart does not check his hot feelings, let him consider further on the subject, and imagine himself lying in a ditch, soaked with rain, riddled a la pepper-box with steel and lead pellets, with shell-explosions overhead splitting his ear-drums and his final vestiges of nerves. And then, if he still persists in shrieking "War!" let him go to war, for either he is hopelessly insane, or the nation's honor is really at stake, and either predicament is sufficient reason for letting him get shot.

Too often, hasty action in defense of so-called national honor has slain thousands of splendid citizens, whose deaths are regretted after time has allowed a clear and sane view of causes of the conflict. Our crisis with Mexico some time ago resulted from such hasty action. And the newspapers at the time ran headlines about "American patriotism springing from cover in time of need" because school boys of the United States were eager to shoulder rifles. Does it need much thought on the question to decide that the ones who calmed the fever-heat of excitement and eased the strain of public opinion were the real patriots of the nation?

* * * *

LIBERAL EDUCATION

In these modern times much is heard about specializing in high school and college work as well as in later life. The age in which we students of North Central will be called upon to take our places in the affairs of the world is to be an age of trained and specialized men and women. But while we are fitting ourselves for our life work, we should not forget another kind of knowledge which everyone of us needs and ought to acquire. This is a liberal education and it means education which develops wide human interest and sympathies. In choosing a high school or college course, we should not confine ourselves entirely to the subjects in which we intend to specialize, but we should elect a few subjects of a general but widely different character. Our purpose in

doing this should be to acquire the art of looking upon life from angles other than our own; to better appreciate and understand the efforts of others. If we try to enter these elements into our school work, we shall avoid the fault of becoming narrow-minded, and the likeliness of success in our chosen field will be increased by the possession of a more complete, well-rounded, and liberal education.

Harry C. Olmsted, June '15.

* * * *

HONOR

Honor bestowed on some encourages them to work harder and urges their self-betterment; such recognition shown to others afflicts them with the reckless desire for more honor. The only ambition of the latter is to place his name before the people, casting from him all consideration for the development of individual personality and character. Usually the lower classman is of such type, but sometimes one finds, even those who are nearing the completion of their school curriculum afflicted with this desire.

Never think that you are blinding the other fellow to your true self by your outward attitude toward him. The honor you receive stands as a shining surface only for the present if you do not have the essentials to substantiate it. Now is the time of character-building. Why not strive to increase your knowledge, broaden your mind, and perfect yourself, rather than stand as a hollow shell devoid of the meats of self-betterment? Unsustained popularity is like a magnificent castle with a weak foundation; its superficial grandeur causes its destruction and decay. The environments are about you. You have the opportunity. Why not strive to build your foundation firm and indestructible?

—Sam Grinsfelder, June '15.

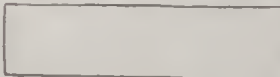
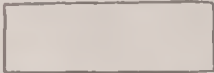
EDUCATION

Of what does a high school education consist? Is it merely going to school for four years, nine months out of the year, and five days out of every week, and during that time mastering nothing but facts? To many of us here it consists of just that. After all the primary purpose of an education is nothing more than to teach us to think correctly. It should be more of a drawing out than a pouring in process. As such we should make the most of the opportunities afforded us here.

It is not merely by **going** to high school that we reap benefit. It is by working and getting all we can out of it. If you are con-

AROUND PRIEST LAKE.

WASHINGTON VIEWS.



tent with barely "getting by" and persist in taking and copying the other fellow's work, instead of being independent, it is safe to say that the fellow you copied from will always be far ahead of you. You will lack the initiative to make anything of yourself. You have had your chance but failed to benefit by it.

We may not feel that we are losing our opportunities now, and not until later in life will we realize this. Most of us think that if we can manage to receive the coveted diploma in the course of anywhere from three and one-half years to five, we then have an education. A diploma, as someone has aptly said, "represents a certificate of residence only." It counts for nothing. A man may have a dozen diplomas and yet not have an education. He has simply acquired a mass of facts and never learned to think correctly. It is incumbent on us to stop and see if we are making the most of what is offered us, whether we are doing our share. If not it is time to face squarely about and find out what the trouble is.

—Walter Davis, June '15.

THE PAST AND ITS LESSONS

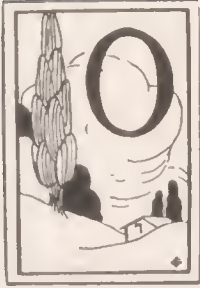
Perhaps there are some Seniors who realize now, when they are about to leave high school forever, how foolishly the last few years have been spent compared with the numerous advantages held out to them—advantages that some men would have slaved to obtain. It is always at the last, when it is too late, that they mourn for the opportunities of days past.

But no Senior should mourn, although there may be regrets. If every member of the Class of June 1915, instead of staring into the future so fearfully and blindly, would look into the past and analyze his mistakes and conduct during that time, applying his findings and conclusions to the present incidents, then there would be no need of worry, for the future would develop and take care of itself. Past lessons well learned are not easily forgotten.





The History of the Class of June '15



11, DEAR, sighed one timid Freshie of the Class of June '19 to another, as they stood viewing one of the several pictures left to the school by the Class of June '15, "I would like to know more about that class of which I have heard so much."

"So would I," replied the other.

"Pardon me," said a fine looking young man who had been standing near them, "but I used to attend North Central High School and I have to come back quite often and wander about the old familiar halls. I was a member of the class about which you were just now asking. Would you like to have me tell you something of its history?"

The Freshies were overjoyed at the opportunity and expressed their desire to hear the history of the class.

"On the seventh of September, 1911, intermingled with the older students in the halls of North Central were seen many timid little Freshies, most of them trying to find their classrooms. About half of the newcomers were North Centrals-to-be, for at that time, our school existed merely in name as the South Siders had been given shelter beneath the roof of North Central. I was one of the freshest of those Freshies and, like the rest, I found that the path of the first semester's work was one that had many crooks, turns, and bad places in it, but we plodded steadily onward. The mysteries of Algebra, Physical "Gig", and all other much-dreaded subjects were conquered. Some few of our class fell by the wayside but the majority passed on. During the Freshman A year, our Lewis and Clark guests departed for their new home across the river; and we, the members of the Class of June '15, spent the remainder of the year in getting acquainted with each other.

"After a pleasant summer vacation, we came back as Sophomore B's, ready and anxious to begin the long task of putting the name of our class in the annals of North Central High. Our class was organized and officers elected for the first time, Miss Broomhall being our class director. We closed the semester by a delightful sleighride which was enjoyed by all participating, stopping afterward at the home of one of the members for refreshments.

"The Sophomore A year was destined to be even more lively than the Sophomore B had been. Our class meetings were held regu-

larly and lavender and corn were chosen as the colors to be worn by us in our journey through North Central. The climax of the year was a picnic in Indian Canyon, and it certainly maintained the standard set by the class. New records were made in the consumption of pie and ice cream, and after a pleasant evening spent in singing around a campfire, we left for home with heavy stomachs but light hearts.

"In the fall of 1913, our class reassembled as Junior B's and resolved to make the most of the next two years and to continue the companionships formed in the first two. Such a year as it was! A ring, designed by a class member was chosen as our insignie. With this semester came one of the most successful entertainments of our high school career, when we gathered in the "gym", dressed in costumes characteristic of the rural village of Bingville. The village band composed of and led by members of our class, and the high-class entertainment offered by those who excelled in dramatics, would be a credit to any organization, not to mention the bountiful supply of doughnuts and cider which disappeared so quickly.

"During the Junior A year, we were economical, for we had determined to prepare for a banquet which was to be given the next year in honor of the Senior B Class.

"At last we were Seniors, under the direction of the veteran class director, T. O. Ramsey, and for the first time in its history, our class was assembled together in one room. We started the activities of the year by giving a candy sale, raising twenty-five dollars, with which we bought braces for a little crippled girl. Next came the famous banquet. The cleverly decorated gymnasium, unique favors, lively toasts, and excellent musical numbers made the event long to be remembered by the graduating class as well as ourselves. One of our last acts as Senior B's was a decision to enter an essay writing contest of Northwest High Schools during the next semester.

"By the time we reached our last half-year, we had become very active in school affairs, and every club or society, every athletic or literary enterprise was well represented by members of our class. Many busy meetings of class and committees were held that year in Room 305, and all of us worked harder than ever for the glory of our class and North Central. Before Commencement Day arrived we were royally entertained by the Class of January '16. We staged "The Touchdown," one of the most successful presentations ever given in the school and one which displayed the excellent dramatic talent of the members of the cast.

"June brought graduation with Dr. Short as our Baccalaureate speaker. On Commencement Night our class, the largest ever graduated from the Alma Mater, received their diplomas. At last the time had come to leave; and we realized that the happy four years had passed only too quickly."

HARRY OLMSTED,
STANLEY CROONQUIST,
LUCILE CLANEY,
DAISY LOPP,
MILDRED KERSHAW.

Class Will



IN THE halls of North Central can be seen the happy faces of the Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Senior B's. But why are they so happy? Do they not realize that North Central is in mourning? Do they not realize that crepe is hanging at the door of Room 305—that the Class of June, 1915, is passing away? The solemn silence of the death chamber is broken only by our worthy director as he softly tip-toes to the little closet, quietly opens the door after he is satisfied that no one is watching, and takes from a chalk-box hidden under old test-papers and magazines a large red apple;—then the steady crunch, crunch, crunch, as he eats the fruit with chews of rich and mellow satisfaction.

After four years of the application of such strong stimulants as Physics, Chemistry, Latin, and German by the efficient physicians, Kennedy, Davis, Lienau, and Fehr, all hope has been given up and the death sentence pronounced. Therefore, realizing that the time is fast approaching when we must leave forever our Alma Mater, we hereby make our last will and testament:

To the school we will and bequeath Olive Paulissen's green waist, requesting that it be tacked upon a pole and placed among North Central's statuary to be admired as a work of art. We were going to leave Olive as the Goddess of Famine, but she was spirited away by a theatrical manager who heard her lisp in the Class Play.

All the bean-shooters, sling-shots, and squirt-guns taken from the Freshies, together with the "B-B's" and "twenty-two" bullets found in the furnace by the janitor we will to the State Militia for use in target practice.

THE TAMARACK

To any North Central girls who may desire them, we gladly will the following:

1. The maidenly blush and giggle of Robert Kolbe.
2. The lady-like walk and appearance of Merrill La Fontaine.
3. The sweet and modest manners of Paul Cox.
4. Sherman Grier's four years' experience in love-making.

To Miss Fargo we leave all of our poems, debates, descriptions, short stories, etc., which we have so diligently composed during the past four years, to be bound in several volumes and put carefully away on one of the top shelves in the library.

To the Freshman Class we will and bequeath the costumes worn by us at the "Bingville" Party, also all of our modesty and self-consciousness, which they seem to lack to such a great degree. To the Sophomores we leave our ability to get good results along with Mr. Lienau's annual suggestions concerning "pink teas," "spoon-holders," and "trips to Coeur d'Alene." Our experiences in "flunking" we gladly bequeath to the Juniors, trusting that it will help them during the trying examinations, so that they may some day become Senior A's. To the Senior B's we will and bequeath our cheerful and ever-pleasant director and Room 305 on condition that their conduct shall not be injurious to Mr. Ramsey's sweet disposition, and that they handle the furniture with care.

To Mr. Ramsey we leave the core and peelings of the apple that "Stew" Lower stole from under the chalk-box in the cupboard. We also bequeath to him the following, which we hope will be useful when he is bent with age, namely:

1. A pair of false teeth, fastened together with wires in such a way that it will be impossible to swallow them.
2. A wig for use when his head resembles Mr. Lienau's.
3. A crown of glory to be worn when he is President of the United States, in accordance with his saying that "All great men were at one time school-teachers."

Lastly, we will and bequeath to the future classes our enviable record, for which they may strive but never reach.

Signed this twenty-second day of April, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

THE CLASS OF JUNE 1915,

Per JOHN W. KOONTZ,
CATHERINE PUGH,
CATHARINE PUGH,
AMANDA NASH,
ESTHER D. MUIR.



CLASS
OFFICERS
JUNE '15



GJERTSEN, EUNICE

Household Arts Course.
Pictures must not be too picturesque."

Girls' Basket ball, '11-'12.
German Club.
Girls' Tennis Club.
"Der Nefte als Onkel."
"Dance of the Nations."
"Dance of the Seasons"
Tamarack Committee.

GREENOUGH, ROGER

Scientific Course.
"There is no pleasure in pure water."

YEAGER, LUCILE MARIE

Household Arts Course.
"All human things of dearest
value hang on slender
strings."

Auditing Committee.

TAYLOR, FRANK W.

Manual Arts Course.
"I came, I saw, I conquered."
Secretary of Delta, '12.
President of Glee Club, '15.
Boys' Quartette, '14-'15.
Secretary Boys' Glee Club, '13.
Vice President Tennis Club, '15.
Track, '12-'13-'15.
"Sylvia."
"King Hal."
"Bul-Bul."
Delta "High Jinks."
"Pow-Wow," '12.
Stage Manager, '13-'14.
Scene Artist.
Stage Electrician.
Class Play Committee.
Class Basket-ball, '12-'13.
Class Baseball, '12-'13.
Delta Reporter, '13-'15.
Scotch-Irish Club.
Engineering Society.

BAGLEY, WINIFRED LYDA

Household Arts Course.
 "A pleasing countenance is a
 silent commendation."
 Assistant Artist Tamarack Staff.
 '14 '15.
 Secretary of Masque, '14.
 Vice President of Masque, '15.
 Secretary of Class, '15.
 Decorating Committee Senior B
 Banquet.
 Picture Committee.

NEELY, RALPH

General Course
 "He nothing common did, or
 mean."
 Secretary of Class, '13.
 "Georgiana," '14.
 "The Man On the Box."
 Deltas.
 Scotch-Irish Club.
 Wendell Phillips Club Reporter
 to Tamarack, '15.
 Engineering Society.
 Circulation Manager of Tama-
 rack, '15.
 Class Orator.
 Masque Declamation Contest,
 '14.
 Treasurer of Class, '15.
 Secretary of Masque.
 Memorial Committee.
 Adv. Mgr. "High Jinks," '15.
 Class Football, '14.
 Tennis Club.

DAVIS, BESS

Classical Course.
 "A kind and gentle heart has
 she."
 Honor Roll.
 Mathematics Club.
 Vice Pres. Vox Puellarum.
 Prophecy Committee.

BALFOUR, WALLACE R.

Scientific Course.
 "Sweet are the slumbers of a
 virtuous man."
 Entered from Richmond High
 School Sept., '13.
 Tennis Club.
 Class Basket ball, '13.





ROBINSON, ELSIE

General Course.
 "Zealous, yet modest."
 Entered September, '14, from
 Waverly High School, Wa-
 verly, Washington.

COLE, PAUL G.

Scientific Course.
 "That man that bath a tongue,
 I say, is no man, if with
 his tongue he cannot win a
 woman."
 Senior Banquet Committee.
 Tamarack Committee.

MEYERS, IRENE

Classical Course.
 "I set no value on the esteem
 of a worthless man"
 Vox Puellarum.

CLEARY, LESLIE

General Course.
 "He never says a foolish thing,
 nor ever does a wise."
 Entered Sept., '13, from Ione
 High School, Ione, Wash.

LOPP, DAISY

Classical Course.
"Memory is the treasury and
guardian of all things."
Entered from Holy Names Acad-
emy Sept., '12.
Honor Roll.
Germanistische Gesellschaft.
Vice Pres. of Vox Puellarum.
History Committee.

BRICKELL, DUNCAN W.

Classical Course.
"A man I am, cross'd with ad-
versity."
Mathematics Club.
Honor Roll.

LEGGETT, ILO

Household Arts Course.
"As living jewels dropped un-
stained from heaven."

DUSTIN, ANTOINETTE HANNAH

General Course.
"Her ways are those of pleas-
antness."
Basket-ball, '11-'12.
Masque Declamation Contest,
'11.
Society Editor Tamarack, '14.
President Girls' Tennis Club,
'14.
Tamarack Reporter of Girls'
Tennis Club, '15.
"Dance of Nations."
"Calendar of Dances," '15.





BENDER, REXUS L.

General Course.
 "Girls we love for what they are."
 Class Baseball, '13
 Class Football, '14.

NICHOLAS, JESSIE

Household Arts Course.
 "This world, where much is to be done and little to be known."
 "The Co-ed"
 "Sylvia."
 "King Hal."
 Girls' Quartette.
 Glee Club.
 Orchestra, '13-'14.
 Treas. of German Society, '14.
 Sec. of German Society, '15.

ROPER, LOIS

Classical Course.
 "The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light"
 Mathematics Club.
 Geometry Contest.
 "Calendar of Dances."
 Honor Roll.

FOLEY, RAY JAMES

General Course.
 "Give me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."
 Glee Club.
 Deltas.
 Scotch Irish Club.
 "Bul-Bul."
 "King Hal."
 Delta "High Jinks"
 Class Baseball, '12-'13.
 Asst. Mgr. "King Hal."
 Senior Play Committee.
 Class Play.

WIEDEMAN, ESTHER

Commercial Course.
"She who is everywhere is no
where."
Commercial Club.
Secretary of Girls' Debating
Club, '11.
Wendell Phillips Club.
German Club.
"Dance of the Nations."
Tamarack Committee.

HURD, GUY

General Course.
"Of course I'm small, and yet
I'm big."
Entered from Loon Lake High
School, '13.
Class Play.

PAULISSEN, OLIVE

Commercial Course.
"Far off her coming shone."
Secretary Commercial Club, '13.
Wendell Phillips Club.
Tennis Club.
Girls' Debating Society.
German Society.
Tamarack Committee.
Class Play.

McGUIRE, HERBERT

General Course.
"All I ask is to be let alone."
Long Beach High School, '11
'12 '13.
Entered from Colfax High
School, '14.
Class Basketball, '14 '15.
Class Track, '15.





CORCORAN, THOMAS

Scientific Course.
 "Not a word, not one to throw
 at a dog."
 Honor Roll.
 Engineering Society.
 Germanistische Gesellschaft.
 Memorial Committee.
 "Der Neffe als Onkel."
 Class Baseball.
 Class Play.

PEARL, HELENA

Classical Course.
 "A few, swimming in the vast
 deep."
 Mathematics Club.
 Vox Puellarum.
 Pin Committee.

FUQUA, WINIFRED LEONE

Household Arts Course.
 "Many a power within her
 hosom, noiseless, hidden
 works beneath."
 Entered from Dillon, Mont.,
 High School, '14.

PHILLIPS, OPAL COFFMAN

General Course.
 "I have my beauty—you your
 art."
 Entered September, '14, from
 Montgomery High School,
 Independence, Kansas.
 "Dance of the Calendar."

**CHAPMAN, BETH
ERNESTINE**

General Course.

"Her air, her manners, all who
saw admired."

Class Orator.

Treas. of Class, '13.

Vice Pres. of Class, '14.

Secretary Student Government
Board.

President of Sans Souci, '14.

Vox Puellarum.

**CROONQUIST, STAN-
LEY MILTON**

Scientific Course.

"I am wrapped up in my own
virtue."

Entered Sept., '13, from Red
Lodge High School, Red
Lodge, Mont.

Mathematics Club.

Engineering Society.

Class Basketball, '14.

Treas. Tennis Club, '14-'15.
History Committee.

HOCKING, CAROL

Household Arts Course.

"So she poured out the liquid
music of her voice to quench
the thirst of his spirit."

Girls' Quartette, '12.

Leading Lady in "Sylvia," '12.

Leading Lady in "Bul-Bul,"
'13.

Leading Lady in "King Hal,"
'14.

President of Glee Club, '14.

Vice President Glee Club, '15.

Class Play Committee.

Honor Roll.

KOLBE, ROBERT

Commercial Course.

"As silent as a German Band."

Athletic Board, '12-'13-'14.

Football, '12-'13-'14; Capt.,
'14.

Dutch Club.

Commercial Club.

Class Baseball, '12.

Track, '12.

Announcement Committee.

Sergeant-at-Arms, '15.

Class Play.





LANG, CHARLOTTE
Household Arts Course.
"Not even critics criticize."
German Society.

**JUHNKE, MARGUER-
ITTE**
General Course.
"Her voice was ever soft,
gentle and low."
Entered Feb., '14, from Wa-
verly High School.
Vox Puellarum.

WORTHINGTON, DOROTHY
Classical Course.
"Doubting charms me not less
than knowledge."
Vox Puellarum.
Entertainment Committee.

**PEACOCK, JOHN
DENTON**
General Course.
"Fly, pride," says the pea-
cock."
Debating Society.
Orchestra.
Commercial Club.

COOK, GORDON L.

Manual Arts.
"His locks were red, yet was
his courage green."
Senior Basket-ball Capt. '14.
Pres. Engineering Society, '14
Masque.
Deltas.
Chairman Memorial Committee.
"King Hal."
"The Man On the Box"

HARRISON, NYLE GLENN

General Course.
"Speak low, if you speak,
love"
Entered Oct., '14, from Lincoln
High School, Seattle, Wash
ington.

OLIN, HOWARD SCOTT

General Course.
"To myself alone I owe my
fame."
Capt. Class Basket-ball, '12-'13.
Basket ball Team, '12-'13.
'14-'15.
Class Track Team, '12-'13.
Delta Secretary, '15.
Delta Minstrel.
Chairman Auditing Committee.

HUNTER, RUSSEL JAMES

General Course.
"Not to know me argues your
self unknown."
Vice President of Class, '12.
Scrubs' Football Team, '13.
Baseball Manager, '14.
Athletic Board, '14.
Deltas.
Masque.
Wranglers.
Class Football, '14.
N. C. H. S. Debate Team,
'14-'15.
Class Orator.
Honor Roll.





BOURQUIN, NAOMI MARY

Household Arts.
 "That load becomes light which
 is cheerfully borne."
 Treas. of Vox Puellarum, '15.
 Candy Sale Committee.
 Senior Banquet Committee.
 Memorial Committee.

LAFONTAINE, MER- RILL

Classical Course.
 "Thou who hast the fatal gift
 of beauty."
 Entered Sept., '13, from Pasa-
 dena High School, Pasa-
 dena, California.
 "Bul-Bul."

STONE, RUTH E.

General Course.
 "This world surely is wide
 enough to hold both thee
 and me."
 "Dance of the Nations."
 "Dance of the Calendar."
 "Dutch Dance" in German
 Play.
 Entertainment Committee.

DRUMMOND, MILDRED ALISE

Household Arts Course.
 "I have survived."
 Masque.
 Prophecy Committee.

McKAY, RUTH

Household Arts Course
'To know her is to love her.'

JONES, MABEL

FRANCES

Commercial Course.
'This is the very ecstasy of
love.'
Commercial Club,
Pres. of Commercial Club, '14
Vice Pres. of Commercial
Club, '15.

COOKE, MIRIAM

GARDINER

Classical Course.
'I bear a charmed life.'
Entered Sept., '14, from Col
ville High School

MARTIN, NEVA

Classical Course.
'The blush is beautiful but
sometimes inconvenient.'
Vice President of Mathematics
Club, '15.
Vox Puellarum.
Tennis Club.
Sans Souci.
'Calendar of Dances.'
Honor Roll.
Commencement Orator.





COX, PAUL F.

General Course.

"I have a good eye, Uncle. I can see a church by day-light."

Basket-ball, '13-'14; Capt, '15.

Class Basket ball, '13-'14-'15.

Track, '14-'15.

Class Track, '14-'15.

Class Baseball, '13-'14

Vice Pres. of Tennis Club.

Class Yell Leader, '13-'14

Class Will Committee.

Athletic Board, '14-'15

Deltas.

SHOLES, JEANETTE ELIZABETH

General Course.

"Never elated when one man's oppressed,

Never dejected while another blessed."

Entered September, '14, from
Coeur d'Alene High School,
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Class Play.

Memorial Committee.

GRINSFELDER, SAM

Scientific Course.

"Can any man have a higher
notion of the rule of right
and the eternal fitness of
things?"

Pres. Mathematics Club, '14.

Masque Treasurer, '14

Wangler.

N. C. H. S. Debate Team,

'14-'15.

President Student Government
Board, '15.

Class President, '14-'15.

Honor Roll.

Class Orator.

WILLIAMSON, GLADYS MYRTLE

Classical Course.

"You drown him by your
talk."

Pres. of Vox Phellarum, '14.

Vice Pres. of Wendell Phillips

Club, '14.

Current Events Editor of Tama-

rack, '14

Tennis Club.

Prophecy Committee.

LEISER, J. BRYAN

Scientific Course.

He attempts to use language which he does not know.

Class Reporter to Tamarack, '13.

Masque Reporter to Tamarack, '14.

Class President, '14.

Class Debater, '14.

Masque President, '15.

Delta Reporter to Tamarack, '14.

Wranglers

Associate Editor Tamarack, '15.

"The Prince of Como."

"The Man On the Box."

WOODWARD, FLORENCE

Classical Course.

"As merry as the day is long."

Entered from L. C. H. S., '11.

Tamarack Reporter, '14.

Pres. of Vox Phellarum, '14.

Senior B Reception Committee.

Class Vice President, '15.

"Calendar of Dances."

Tamarack Committee.

Class Play.

LOWER, STUART FRANK

General Course.

"A leader of men is he

Masque Reporter to Tamarack, '13-'14.

"The Butterflies."

"Bul-Bul"

"The Prince of Como"

Delta "High Jinks."

"The Man On the Box"

President of Class, '13.

German Society Reporter to Tamarack, '13.

Treasurer of Masque, '13.

Current Events Editor of Tamarack, '13.

Associate Editor of Tamarack, '14.

Class Reporter to Tamarack, '14.

Chairman of Scholarship Board

Grand Master of Deltas, '14.

Class Treasurer, '11.

Junior Grand Master of

Deltas, '15.

Editor in Chief of Tamarack, '15.

Tamarack Committee Chairman.

Glee Club.

Honor Roll.

QUARRY, RUTH MARIE

Commercial Course.

"Come and trip it as ye go,

On the light fantastic toe."

Commercial Club.

Class Play.

Picture Committee.

"Calendar of Dances," '15.

"Dance of the Nations," '14.





QUIGLEY, BERTHA

Household Arts Course.
 "Truth lies wrapped up and
 hidden in the depths."
 "Dance of the Nations."
 "Dance of the Months."
 Social Committee.

HIBBARD, LORIN GRISWOLD

Manual Arts Course.
 "Indeed, the greatest scholars
 are not the wisest men."
 Vice President Engineering So-
 ciety, '15.

BARKER, FAY

Household Arts Course.
 "My doctrine is to lay aside
 contentions and be satis-
 fied."

NASH, AMANDA

Household Arts Course.
 "Beauty soon grows familiar to
 the young lover."
 "Dance of the Nations."
 Vice President of Class, '14.
 Sans Souci.
 Masque.
 Will Committee.

**FULLER, NANCY
JOSEPHINE**

Household Arts Course.
"There was speech in her
silence."
Announcement Committee.

KITLEY, ALMA

Scientific Course.
"Not forward but modest in
disposition."
Entered Sept., '14, from Bel-
lingham North Side High
School.

KOONTZ, JOHN W.

Scientific Course.
"If you rank me with the lyric
poets, my exalted head shall
strike the stars."
Class Play.
Chairman Will Committee.
Engineering Society.
Honor Roll.

**LUBKING, VERNA
IRENE**

Household Arts Course.
"Love is too precious to be
lost."
"Dance of Nations."
First Prize in Cooking for Gov-
ernor's Trophy Contest.
Honor Roll.





HALLAHAN, GRACE

Household Arts Course.
 "And paradise that room for
 her."
 Vox Phellarum.
 "Dance of the Nations."

ROSS, HELEN

Household Arts Course
 "Plough deep while sluggards
 sleep."
 Mathematics Club.
 Honor Roll.

BAGLEY, LUCILE

General Course.
 "I'll speak in a monstrous
 little voice."
 Entered Oct., '14, from Central
 State Normal, Edmond,
 Oklahoma.

IRVIN, HARRY A.

General Course.
 "You know me, Al!"

STONE, ELSIE

Household Arts Course.
"Happiness is made to be shared."
"Dance of Nations."
Girls' Tennis Club.
"Dance of the Calendar."
"Dutch Dance" in the German Play.

McKENZIE, CAMERON

Manual Arts Course.
"He says such a lot of pleasant things but never says adieu."
Social Committee.
Agendas.
Capt. Track, '15.
Class Track, '14 '15.

CRANEY, MARTHA GRACE

Household Arts Course.
"I tend to the business of other people, having lost my own."
Sans Souci.

HANEY, JOHN WALTER

General Course.
"The windy satisfaction of the tongue."
Entered Feb., '14, from Hill yard High School.
Debate Squad, '15.
Class Debater, '14.
Engineering Society.
Masque.
Mathematics Club.
Wendell Phillips Club.





MELCHER, ZELLA

Household Arts Course.
 "They say that the best counsel
 is that of woman."
 "Sylvia."
 "King Hal."
 Glee Club.
 Music Editor Tamarack, '15.
 Senior Banquet Committee.
 Social Committee.

GRIER, SHERMAN C.

General Course.
 "Oh, for a seat in some lonely
 nook!"
 Glee Club.
 Play Committee.
 "King Hal."
 "Bul-Bul."

AUMACK, HARRY F.

Scientific Course.
 "There's a devil in every berry
 of the grape."
 Sec. and Treas. Engineering So-
 ciety, '14.
 Pres. Engineering Society, '15.
 Chairman Announcement Com-
 mittee.
 Class Play.

FREDERICK, DOVE

Household Arts Course.
 "If I love you, what business is
 that of yours?"
 Sec. of Vox Puellarum, '15.
 Sec. of Class, '14.
 Ring Committee.

**KERSHAW, MILDRED
HARRIET**

Classical Course.
"Of recreation there is none."
Honor Roll.
Third Prize in Tamarack Con-
test.
Secretary of Class, '13.
Secretary and Tamarack Re-
porter of Vox Puellarum
Vice Pres. of Germanistische
Gesellschaft
Tamarack Reporter of German
istische Gesellschaft.
Tennis Club.
Senior History Committee.

**HAMANN, AUGUST
GLEN**

General Course.
"The foremost man of all this
world."
Entered Sept., '14, from Mont
fort High School.

BROWN, RUTH

Household Arts Course.
"Patience is better, but its
source is sweet."
Tamarack Committee.

OLMSTED, HARRY C.

General Course.
"And for our country, 'tis bliss
to die."
Honor Roll.
Scholastic Board.
Engineering Society.
Pres. Mathematics Club, '15.
Third Prize in "Co operative
Thrift Essay Contest"
Chairman of History Committee





HOWERTON, HOR- TENSE

General Course.
"Love me, love me long"
Entered from Tekon High
School, '13.
Play Committee

McKENZIE, DAVID

Manual Arts Course.
"What ladies' heart can man
despise?"
Treasurer of Class, '13.
Track, '13 '14 '15.
Athletic Board, '13 '15.
Football, '13 '14 '15.
Capt. Class Football Team, '14
Capt. Class Track, '12 '13
'14 '15.
Sp rting Editor Tamarack, '11
Scotch Irish Club.
Picture Committee.

CADWELL, ETHEL

Scientific Course.
"The smallest errors are always
the best"
Sec. Mathematics Society, '13.
Vice Pres. Mathematics So-
ciety, '14.
Masque
Current Events Editor of Tama-
rack, '14.
Dance of the Nations.
Prophecy Committee.
Honor Roll

NEELY, HAROLD RICHARD

Manual Arts Course.
"May salad days: When I was
green in judgment."
Football, '13 '14.
Track, '14.
Baseball, '13 '14.
Glee Club.
Wendell Phillips Club.
Scotch Irish Club.
Manager of Football Team, '15.
Class Track Team, '14 '15.

MEEHAN, ARTHUR

General Course.
 "Tomorrow—let us do or die."
 Entered 1912 from West Division High School, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Baseball, '12-'13.
 Track, '14-'15.
 Track Manager, '14.
 Track Class Capt., '15.
 Athletic Board, '14.
 Baseball Capt., '13.
 Class Yell Leader, '13-'14.
 Scotch Irish Club.

HOWERTON, NINA

General Course.
 "The very pink of perfection."
 Entered Sept., '13, from Tekoa High School.

HALE, INEZ GRACE

General Course.
 "With malice toward none and charity for all."
 Glee Club.
 "King Hal."
 Play Committee.
 Class Play.

DAVIS, WALTER HARVEY

General Course.
 "God made him, and therefore, let him pass for a man."
 Deltas.
 "Bul-Bul."
 "King Hal."
 Auditing Committee.





GROOM, JOHN

General Course.
 "In this fool's paradise, he
 drank delight."
 Class Basket ball, '15.
 Class Football, '15.
 Football, '15.
 Deltas.
 Treasurer of Deltas.
 First Baby Prize in "Alumni
 Country Fair."
 Chairman of Entertainment
 Committee.
 Senior Entertainment, Jan.,
 '14.

THUNBORG, MARIE

Commercial Course.
 "With dusty books I while
 away my time"

BROOKS, ETHEL

General Course.
 "The lamp of genius burns
 high."
 Entered from Waukomis High
 School, Waukomis, Okla.

MOE, LEROY

Scientific Course.
 "Modesty becomes a young
 man."

RITTER, CLARA

Scientific Course.

"An honest heart possesses a kingdom."

Entered September, '14, from
Coeur d'Alene High School,
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.
Germanistische Gesellschaft.

WOODCOCK, CHESTER NATHANIEL

Commercial Club.

"The girls all cried, 'He's
quite the kick.'"

Band, '12 '13 '14 '15.

Mathematics Society.

Commercial Club.

Agendas.

LYNDE, HARRY C.

Manual Arts Course.

"Now, at a certain time, in a
pleasant mood, he tried the
luxury of doing good."

"Sylvia."

"King Hal."

"The Man On the Box"

Delta "High Jinks."

Deltas.

Masque.

Glee Club.

Class Song Committee Chair
man.

SHAW, ETHEL A.

General Course.

"Let the weary at length pos-
sess quiet rest."





BRANDT, EMMETT ALFRED

Scientific Course,
"I give my thoughts no
tongue."
Football, '13 '14,
Class Football, '14,
Engineering Society

PUGH, CATHERINE

Household Arts Course,
"Virtue is praised and
freezes."
Masque,
Literary Editor Tamarack, '13.

BLUM, SIGNOR

General Course,
"He believed that he was born
not for himself, but for the
whole world."
Captain Tennis Club, '13,
Scrubs, '12 '13,
Class Baseball, '14,
Interclass Track, '14 '15,
Secretary of Deltas,
President of Deltas, '15,
Glee Club,
School Quartette,
Treasurer of Masque,
School Yell Leader, '14,
Senior A Yell Leader,
Asst. Adv. Mgr. Tamarack, '14
Advertising Manager Tamarack
Business Mgr. Tamarack, '15,
"Bul Bul,"
Leading Man in "Man on the
Box,"
Picture Committee,
Business Manager Class Play,
Delta "High Jinks."

HELLY, MARGARET

Commercial Course,
"As light as a feather, dance,"
Commercial Club,
Girls' Debating Society,
Girls' Tennis Club, '14,
"Dance of the Months," '15.

LOCKE, HAROLD

General Course.

"The smile that won't come off."

Entered Sept. '14, from Ionia High School.

Band, '14 '15.

Class Song Committee.

SAWYER, MARY JEANNETTE

Household Arts Course.

"There is nothing so disagreeable, that a patient mind can not find some solace for."

Sans Sanci.

COLLINS, HOMER A.

Scientific Course.

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

Entered from Ellensburg Training School Oct., '12.

Honor Roll.

Scholarship Board.

Germanistische Gesellschaft.

Debating Team, '15.

"Der Neffe als Onkel."

Prophecy Committee.

STRICKER, CATHRYN ELIZAETH

General Course.

"There is likewise a reward for faithful silence."

Entered September, '14, from Milan High School, Milan, Washington.





WARREN, AMY

Household Arts Course.
 "Youth comes but once in a
 lifetime, therefore let's be
 merry."
 Secretary of Mathematics Club.
 Tennis Club.

WAGONER, EDITH

General Course.
 "Rare indulgence produces
 greater pleasure."
 Vox Puellarum.
 "Dance of the Nations."
 "Dance of the Calendar."

PARTRIDGE, HARVE

Scientific Course.
 "Better not be at all than not
 be noble."
 Engineering Society.

MUIR, ESTHER DAVIDSON

Classical Course.
 "The mildest manners and the
 gentlest heart."
 Honor Roll.
 Secretary of Class, '14
 Secretary of Masque.
 Mathematics Club Reporter.
 Vox Puellarum.
 Tennis Club.
 Class Will Committee.

MUNSON, RAYMOND

Commercial Course.

"Noble deeds that are concealed
are most esteemed."

Class Baseball, '12-'13-'14

Class Basket ball, '12-'13
'14-'15.

Commercial Club.

Tamarack Committee

Picnic Committee, '14.

POWELL, RUTH BERNICE

Household Arts Course.

"I must not say that she was
true, yet let me say that she
was fair."

STORM, FREDA

General Course.

"Art is power."

Tamarack Artist, '14-'15.

Senior B Banquet Committee.

Pin Committee.

Honor Roll.

WEBER, MARY FRANCES

General Course

"No one was ever wise by
chance."





**SEAGRAVE, ELSIE
IRENE**

Household Arts Course.
"Blushing is the color of
virtue."

LINDELL, WINNIE

Classical Course
"She deserves praise who does
not what she may, but what
she ought."
Entered Sept., '14, from Foot
hill High School

**MILLETTE, WALTER
EDWARD**

"He shone with a greater
splendor because he was
not seen."
Entered from Coeur d'Alene
High School Sept., '13.
Band, '13-'14-'15.
Orchestra, '13-'14-'15.

CLANEY, ETTA LUCILE

Household Arts Course.
"As ye sow, y' are like to
reap."
"Sylvia"
"King Hal."
Glee Club.
History Committee.
Class Play.

HAINER, OLIVE M.

Scientific Course.

"Measures, not men, have al-
ways been my mark."

Entered from Rockford High
School, '12.

Vox Puellarum.

CUNDY, GILBERT

General Course.

"Love is the life of man."

Delta "High Jinks."

DAVIDSON, HELEN

Commercial Course.

"Go then merrily to Heaven!

Tennis Club.

Commercial Club.

"Dance of the Nations."

"Dance of the Months."

GRAY, NELLIE E.

Commercial Course.

"Small, and short."





MCDONALD, HOMER

General Course.
 "He's a bear!"
 Entered from Grangeville High
 School, '14.
 Band.
 Orchestra.
 Glee Club.

HARTNESS, FLOY GLADYS

Household Arts Course.
 "Her beauty makes this vault
 a feasting presence full of
 light."

ANDERSON, WILFRED

General Course.
 "You may trust him in the
 dark."
 Entered Sept. '13, from Loon
 Lake High School.
 Football, '13-'14.
 Baseball, '13-'14.
 Track, '14-'15.
 Mathematics Club.
 Social Committee.
 Class Track, '14-'15.
 Capt. Class Baseball, '14.
 Class Football, '14.
 Baseball Captain, '15.

MEYER, AMANDA DOROTHY

Household Arts Course.
 "I have more zeal than wit."
 Entered Sept., '14, from Vera
 High School."

LINDAHL, JAMES D.

Classical Course.
"Ah, youth! forever dear, for
ever kind."
Entered April, '14, from San
Jose High School, San Jose,
California.

OMAN, KATHERINE

General Course.
"Joy makes us giddy."
Entered September '12 from
San Jose High School, San
Jose, California.
Vox Puellarum.
Sana Souci

McHUGH, HONORA

General Course.
"She who has lived obscurely
and quietly, has lived well."

MYERS, LOUIE W.

General Course.
"Heavens! what thick darkness
prevades the minds of
man!"
Band, '13-'14-'15.
Prophecy Committee.





KYLE, ELIZABETH

General Course,
 "The honors of genius are
 eternal."

Entered Nov., '13, from Post
 Falls High School, Post
 Falls, Idaho.

GARLAND, BERNA- DINE

Commercial Course,
 "Like song of bird her laugh
 ter rang."
 Commercial Club.

McATEE, GOLDIE

Household Arts Course,
 "Known but seldom heard."

CARTER, ESTHER

Household Arts Course,
 "Deeds, not words."

HAHNER, OLIVE M.
 Scientific Course.
 "Measures, not men, have al-
 ways been my mark."
 Entered from Rockford High
 School, '12.
 Vox Puellarum.

CUNDY, GILBERT
 General Course.
 "Love is the life of man."
 Delta "High Jinks."

DAVIDSON, HELEN
 Commercial Course.
 "Go then merrily to Heaven!"
 Tennis Club.
 Commercial Club.
 "Dance of the Nations."
 "Dance of the Months."

GRAY, NELLIE E.
 Commercial Course.
 "Small, and short."





McDONALD, HOMER

General Course.
 "He's a bear!"
 Entered from Grangeville High
 School, '14.
 Band.
 Orchestra.
 Glee Club.

HARTNESS, FLOY GLADYS

Household Arts Course.
 "Her beauty makes this vault
 a feasting presence full of
 light."

ANDERSON, WILFRED

General Course.
 "You may trust him in the
 dark."
 Entered Sept., '13, from Loon
 Lake High School.
 Football, '13-'14.
 Baseball, '13-'14.
 Track, '14-'15.
 Mathematics Club.
 Social Committee.
 Class Track, '14-'15.
 Capt. Class Baseball, '14.
 Class Football, '14.
 Baseball Captain, '15.

MEYER, AMANDA DOROTHY

Household Arts Course.
 "I have more zeal than wit."
 Entered Sept., '14, from Vera
 High School."

LINDAHL, JAMES D.

Classical Course.

"Ah, youth! forever dear, for-
ever kind."

Entered April, '14, from San
Jose High School, San Jose,
California.

OMAN, KATHERINE

General Course.

"Joy makes us giddy."

Entered September '12 from
San Jose High School, San
Jose, California.

Vox Puellarum.

Sans Souci.

McHUGH, HONORA

General Course.

"She who has lived obscurely,
and quietly, has lived well."

MYERS, LOUIE W.

General Course.

"Heavens! what thick darkness
prevades the minds of
man!"

Band, '13-'14-'15.

Prophecy Committee.





KYLE, ELIZABETH

General Course.

"The honors of genius are eternal."

Entered Nov. '13, from Post Falls High School, Post Falls, Idaho.

GARLAND, BERNA-DINE

Commercial Course.

"Like song of bird her laughter rang."

Commercial Club.

McATEE, GOLDIE

Household Arts Course.

"Known but seldom heard."

CARTER, ESTHER

Household Arts Course.

"Deeds, not words."

HAMER, CHARLES LESLIE

Scientific Course.

"When we have not what we
love we must love what
we have."

Baseball, '13-'11.

BAGLEY, HELEN

General Course.

"Virtue is like a rich stone,
best plain set."

Entered from Central State Nor-
mal, Edmond, Oklahoma,
Oct., '14.

MARKS, ADOLPH

Commercial Course.

"The heaviest fall with a sud-
den crash."

Debating Society, '12-'13.

Wendell Phillips Club, '14.

Interclass Football, '14.

Commercial Club.

Class Play.

SICKAFOOSE, CRYSTAL ROSE

General Course.

"Her heart as far from fraud
as heaven from earth."

"Dance of the Nations."

"Dance of the Calendar."

President of Sans Souci.

Announcement Committee.





CLASS PROPHECY

Act I. On the River Styx

[Enter the Class of June '15]



ALPH NEELY (carrying hillboards and megaphone):

Hi there! I say, old chappy, bring up your blooming old seow. Here's the Class of June '15 and we can't wait, don't you know.

[Charon appears]

Groom: For the love of Mike, hurry up. We are all here now. Helena Pearl just joined us and she's the last one.

Charon: Hast thou received burial, or wouldst thou cross unburied and look upon the awful face of the Furies?

Merrill La Fontaine: Alas! Alas! Woe is me! I was eaten by the cannibals while serving as a missionary to Hillyard.

Charon: The warnings of the Fates must be observed. Unless some beneficent hand casts earth upon thy body where it dies thou shalt flit about the Styx for one hundred years. Ye others may be ferried across.

[Curtain]

Act II. Hades. At the Cross-Roads Before the Throne of Radamanthus

Rad (referring to his book): Thou hast escaped the dangers of the watery flood and now remains the judgment.

[Enter "Hargreaves' Circus"]

Thos. Corcoran: The Greatest Circus in the World is before you. No other troupe of artists has ever or will ever offer so much to please the eye or delight the heart for five cents. We present the fattest living fat lady and the thinnest living thin lady above or below the firmament. We would beg that you consider the immense labor and the extensive preparation involved in bringing together so many freaks of nature and admit us at once to the sunny region where we may recline all day on the edge of a damp cloud and loop the loop on the rainbow.

Rad: I shall view them one by one.

[Enter the living skeletons, Dorothy Worthington and Irene Myers]

Rad (rising in pity): Wretched creatures, give them conveyance to the abodes of the blessed and cause them to be fed on milk and honey.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Duncan Brickell, strong man; Eunice Gjerston, tight wire artist; Bryan Leiser, clown; and Arthur Meehan, peanut vender]

Rad: Depart into lowest Tartarus, ye healthy workers of iniquity.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Ruth Brown, Carol Hocking, dancers; Winnie Lyndel, giggler; Edith Wagoner, snake charmer; Harry Olmsted, lion tamer]

Rad: Be whirled away into obscure shades, unhappy mortals.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Ruth Quarry and Bertha Quigley, Siamese twins; Freda Storm, Mrs. Tom Thumb.]

Rad (leaning forward): Give these sweet innocents safe passage to the region of the blessed.

[Exeunt]

[Enter James Lindahl, ticket agent; Howard Olin, chief cook; Frank Taylor, scene shifter; Ralph Neely, human sandwich; Thos. Corcoran, manager]

Rad: And ye are responsible for this innocent flock! Disperse and end your wanderings! Abide in Tartarus! Begone!

[Exeunt last of Cirens]

[Enter Cameron McKenzie, prize fighter.]

Rad: How now! Who is this lusty looking individual with the small pink ears?

Cam. McKenzie: I hold the championship of the world. If you dispute it step out into the open floor and—

Rad: Ay! Ay! Ay! Next elevator down.

[Exit]

[Enter Ray Foley and Signor Blum]

Rad (after long pause): And you who come thus impertinently unannounced?

Foley (frightened): P-p-please, y-your m-majesty, I-I was only a-a c-comedian a-at the Best. Blum and I, your majesty were harmless gum chewers, who never chewed more than four five-cent packages at a time.

Rad- This feat so long desired shall please our sufferers in Tartarus. You shall see a field of blood and be sole wardens of its murky deeps.

[Exeunt]

[Enter a group of people, Helen Bagley, Lucile Bagley, Esther Carter, Anna Eggleston, Lucile Yeager, Amy Warren, Winifred Fuqua, Bernadine Garland, Olive Hahner, Ruth Powell, Amanda Meyer, Grace Hallahan, Verna Lubking, Dave McKenzie, and Wallace Ballfour]

Rad: Here comes a stress of labor. These are the wedded ones. The judgment of such would task a hero's might. Oh, mournful shades, the upper path!

[Exeunt]

[Enter Merrill La Fontaine, Walter Millette, Katherine Oman, Emmett Brandt, Roger Greenough, and Elsie Stone]

Merrill La Fontaine: And thou, O sacred judge, inspired to see, give us what heaven has promised to our fates.

Rad: No more is needful know, this the realm of night is not for ye. Then take the rising ground the eternal bliss to see. Ye missionaries! to Hillyard!

Charon (running in) to M. La Fontaine: Mortal, who this forbidden path even yet presum'st to tread I charge thee stay thy steps and speak.

La Fontaine: And I, alas, must go to flit about through endless years.

[Enter Martha Craney, Nellie Gray, Helen Ross, Elsie Seagrave, and Lucille Claney, carrying a standard, "Woman's Rights"]

[Exeunt]

Rad: Trouble, trouble I see before, unless they, having come, repent.

M. Craney: We secured women's suffrage in South Africa and Australia, we have caused foul politicians to be replaced by pure-hearted, upright women. In fact, all the good change in politics we are responsible for.

Rad (sighing with relief): Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues, and throats of brass inspired with iron lungs, I could not sound your praises. You shall travel on the road that leads to fair Elysium.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Goldie McAtee and Gordon Cooke, sunbeams]

Rad: And ye, O mortals of immortal fame,
Embowered amid the sylvan scene
May radiate thy sunshine. [Exeunt]

[Enter the jitney aviators, Stanley Croonquist, Harold Locke, Homer McDonald, and Louis Myers]

Rad: How long, O jitney airmen, will you destroy poor mortals and abuse the jitney bus-men. Take thy place at the portals among the dire shapes of Death and Sad Old Age and Fear and Sleep, twin brother of Death, and with the Demon Discord.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Harry Aumack, Lorin Hibbard, Marie Thunborg]

Rad: Whoever ye are who cometh through the shades, speak! Speak!

H. Aumack: We are the generals of a vast army of soul winners known as the Salvation Army.

Rad: Ye are needed in the Fields of Mourning to console the empty shades. Only the foot of the righteous may pass that threshold.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Paul Cole, farmer; Renus Bender, Meade Banker; Winifred Bagley, struggling artist]

Rad: Oh, ye renowned for piety and valor, ascend into the fields and rest.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Beth Chapman, mender of hearts]

Rad: Near by, amid secret paths and myrtle groves are the souls of those who died of love. Be their consoling spirit!

[Exit]

[Enter Nancy Fuller, philanthropist; Leslie Cleary and Herbert McQuire, gangsters]

Rad (to Nancy): There is a haven of rest for weary mortals. In Elysium you may drink forgetfulness of your labors from the River Lethe.

Rad (to gangsters): In Tartarus ye shall sit at tables loaded with dainties, but when ye rise to eat the Furies at your side shall snatch away the viands from your lips and shake their torch on high and thunder in your ears.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Gilbert Candy]

Gilbert: Yer Honor, I've been a hand-car chauffeur and a bunco-artist under the name of Antonio Scarpellio.

Rad: The accursed gates, grating on their hinges shall close upon thee for ever. Tisiphone, armed with a whip, shall scourge thee and hand thee over to the sister Furies.

[Exeunt]

[Enter J. Groom and Margaret Heily]

J. Groom: I been a brake-beam tourist an' this lady drove me to the underside of the cars.

Rad (to J. Groom): Thou shalt exercise thy lazy limbs upon the grassy lawns and wrestle on the tawny sand where Orpheus in flowing robes calls forth entrancing sounds striking his harp strings.

[Exit]

Rad (to Margaret Heily): Thou in Tartarus shall stand in a pool, thy chin level with the water; yet thou shall be parched with thirst and cannot drink.

[Exit]

[Enter Guy Hurd]

G. Hurd: Yes, I had the honor of writing the greatest novel known, "The Devil's Own."

Rad: Like Ixion, thou shalt be bound to a ceaselessly revolving wheel. Depart from me!

[Exit]

[Enter Robert Kolbe, Warden of Walla Walla]

Rad: Thou stirred up cruel strife and did not care for those of your own household. Thou shalt see the Furies' touch and hear the rolling thunder.

[Exit]

[Enter John Koontz]

J. Koontz: I spoke on a soap-box at the Salvation Army Independents every night.

Rad: What a lie! There is a place for those who deceive, Ixion is there and Sisyphus and Robert Kolbe. Go.

[Exit]

[Enter Ho Leggett, Crystal Sickafoose, and Ruth McKaye, Society Chicks]

Rad: Sprinkle your bodies with pure water, follow the upper path and you will come at length to the abodes of the blessed. There ye may join in the dance and song.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Walter Davis, Editor of Newspaper]

Rad: Here is one who perverted the laws, making them say one thing today and another thing tomorrow. Scourged by Tisiphone thou shalt lie weltering with the Titans.

[Exit]

[Enter Glen Hamon and Harry Irvin, Drummers]

Rad: Who are ye? Speak!

H. Irvin: Why, we're drummers!

Rad: Where is thy drum?

G. Hammon: Well! Say, you're a back number, you're a yap! If I have to translate it, I'm a traveling salesman. I sell all kinds of insurance from your airship down to the baby. Better let me write your policy today, tomorrow may be too late. You never know——

Rad: Since ye mock your Fates you shall suffer the punishment of Tityus, whose body spreads over nine acres of ground, while a huge vulture feeds on his liver, which, as fast as it is devoured, grows again, so that his punishment has no end.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Mable Jones, Olive Paulissen, and Mary Webber]

Rad: Ye much wedded ones, follow the upper path, your husbands are below.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Adolph Marks, President of U. S.]

Rad: What shouting! Some illustrious person approaches. Hail the President of U. S. A. I am indeed pleased to have so distinguished a visitor. We have no special suite to offer you but you may make yourself happy in the Elysian Fields.

[Exit]

[Enter Zella Melcher, singing]

Rad: I have waited long for this. O turn from these paths of woe and seek the abode of the blessed.

[Exit]

[Enter Le Roy Moe, Minister to Chile]

Rad: Well, my man, I presume that after your many years of service in that cold place you will appreciate a nice warm place near the fire, so I will give you a position as assistant stoker.

[Exit]

[Enter Harve Partridge]

Harve: I am a horse doctor and human specialist. Say, Judge, you look sick. Doctor, let me operate. (Draws out a saw.)

Rad: There is a place for those who carve their fellow men. Depart!

[Exit]

[Enter C. Woodcock, Gangster]

Rad: Such an austere countenance, I have ever seen! A highwayman and robber! Dost hear deep groans, the sound of lashes, and the clank of dragging chains? Depart!

[Exit]

[Enter Florence Woodward, first Woman Representative from Washington]

Rad: Like Helen of Troy, she held a torch as leader. Illustrious woman, the Elysian Fields!

[Exit]

[Enter H. Pearl, Dove Fredrick, A. Nash, Nyle Harrison, E. Kyle, R. Stone, J. Sholes, N. Bourquin, and Bess Davis]

Rad: Maiden Ladies! My heart is touched. I pity ye. I pray ye seek the paths and myrtle grove of those who die of love.

[Exeunt]

[Enter S. Lower]

S. Lower: Alas! I was janitor of the home of maiden ladies.

Rad: Your sad lot is to be pitied. You may rest amid the myrtle groves where——

S. Lower: Nix! Nix! Nix! Don't send me after those maiden ladies (he bolts down toward Tartarus).

[Enter Fay Barker, A. Dustin, E. Brooks, N. Howerton, D. Lopp, N. Mellugh, C. Pugh, C. Ritter, E. Robinson, M. Sawyer, E. Shaw, and M. Kershaw]

Rad: Here, I see by their stern looks, are the pedagogues of the modern school. It grieves me to think that after finding out how much suffering teachers cause, that they should become teachers. May the Gods requite such evils on those who inflicted them. Depart to the care of the Furies!

[Exeunt]

[Enter Paul Cox, as Hobo]

P. Cox (snapping his fingers): Hello, Rad! Where you goin' to stow me?

Rad: There is a place for wasted lives. You were never known to work.

P. Cox: I was too, I just betcha.

Rad: Name a work and it shall be your salvation.

P. Cox (thinking): I pulled up the shade for Mr. Ramsey one day when I was young.

Rad (rising in anger): Never shalt thou see Tartarus. Take this fire and brimstone and start something of your own for once in your useless life.

[Exit]

[Enter S. Grier, Porter of the Millionaires' Club]

Rad: There's certainly some class to this, all right, all right. He would add lustre to the Fields. Go in at the upper gate and I'll have a cocktail when I come in.

[Exit]

[Enter Sam Grinsfelder, Senator, D. Peacock, and J. Haney, Stump Speakers]

Rad: Your sad eyes and bruised faces declare more than words what you have suffered. You will find rest in Elysium.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Harold Neely, in striped suit]

Rad: Why art thou thus manacled and robed?

Neely: I threw ripe hen fruit at them stump speakers.

Rad: Evildoer, trees laden with fruit shall stoop their heads to thee—pears, pomegranates, apples, and luscious figs—and then thou shalt whirl them high above thy reach.

[Exit H. Neely, shouting I'll appeal the case! By George, I'll appeal the case!]

[Enter Ray Munson, Homer Collins, Wilfred Anderson, Lois Roper and Gladys Williamson, raving maniacs with their nurse, Elsie Stricker]

E. Stricker: Have compassion on these unfortunates, O Merciful Judge. They lost their reason within a week after graduation and have been confined in padded cells ever since.

Rad: Jumping Jupiter! If you can get Zeus to restore their reason you may take them to the Elysian Fields, but I'll not have 'em there in this condition.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Margaret Junke, Matron of the Bughouse]

M. Junke: Did you see those escaped homicidal maniacs around here any place? Where will I look for them?

Rad: They have no certain dwelling place till Zeus restores their reason. But climb yon hill and thou shalt see them wandering. Pursue them not but sit upon the grass in fragrant groves of laurel and rest forever.

[Exit]

[Enter Esther Wiedeman, Matron of Children's Home]

Rad: And here's another weary mortal. A pious person who has uttered nothing base. Thou hast won the remembrance of mankind and shalt be crowned with snow-white garments.

[Exit]

[Enter Floy Hartness, Alma Kitley and Charlotte Lang, owners of a beauty parlor]

Rad: Take the lower road, ye flirts. Ye have broken too many hearts.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Harry Lynde and Russell Hunter, Chief and Assistant Mop-up-ists at North Central High School]

Rad: For shame, mortals; why do ye not straighten your shoulders and hold up your heads?

H. Lynde: Our shoulders are permanently bent from picking up lunch papers and other refuse after the N. C. H. S. boys in the basement. Little did we think we would see this finish when we were boys in school throwing lunch papers about.

Rad: I weep, I weep, for I pity anyone from the bottom of my heart who picks up papers and pie in the North Central High School. Eternal Bliss will bring forgetfulness.

[Enter Inez Hale, Prima Donna]

Rad: Thou shalt sing in concert the joyful psalm to Apollo.
[Exit]

[Enter E. Muir, Neva Martin, and Helen Davidson]

Rad: These poor creatures were never able to graduate and dying were still working at their books. Best forever in Elysium and drink Forgetfulness from the River Lethe.

[Exeunt]

[Enter J. Nicholas, Proprietress of the Eta-Bita-Pie House]

Rad: Approach, Miss Nicholas, maker of luscious pies.

Jessie: Some day I'll make you a pie if you let me go to the Elysian Fields.

Rad: I'll go with you.

[Both exeunt]

[Enter H. Howerton, Waitress at the Eta-Bita-Pie]

H. Howerton: Why, he's gone. I bet I know why (she runs after them up the path).

[Curtain]

Signed: GLADYS WILLIAMSON,
BESS DAVIS,
MILDRED DRUMMOND,
ETHYL CADWELL,
HOMER COLLINS,
LOUIE MYERS.

Class of June 15

Locke Wm Robinson.

Our Class is Mon-
arch of them all with all its pomp, and all its
fame The world shall harken
to our call, and give a
place, a mighty space to laud our name,
In strength and size we rank su-
preme. Our honors grand we
do not lack Our glories
too are not a dream,
They can be found in Class or Track.

LYNDE '15 TAYLOR '15

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled 'Class of June 15'. The score is written on ten staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and melodic, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'Our Class is Mon-arch of them all with all its pomp, and all its fame The world shall harken to our call, and give a place, a mighty space to laud our name, In strength and size we rank supreme. Our honors grand we do not lack Our glories too are not a dream, They can be found in Class or Track.' The score is attributed to 'Locke' and 'Wm Robinson.' at the top. At the bottom, there are two names: 'LYNDE '15' and 'TAYLOR '15'.

CLASS SONG

I.

Our Class is Monarch of them all
With all its pomp, with all its fame,
The World shall hearken to our call,
And give a place, a mighty space to laud our name.
In strength and size we rank supreme,
Of honors grand, we do not lack,
Our glories too, are not a dream,
They can be found in Class or Track.

II.

Our Class is that of June '15,
Our colors fly in banners bright,
There's not a fairer to be seen,
The lavender and yellow corn, thus show our might.
To Class and School we'll loyal be,
Dear Red and Black, we love you still;
We'll always try to honor Thee,
Your splendor shines, and always will.

III.

At last adieu, Dear High School Days,
To you our School, a last farewell;
Upon these scenes we love to gaze,
Our minds will dwell upon the ones we love so well.
The highest aim shall be our dream,
We're all prepared to go our way;
And may we never weary seem,
Of helping others every day.

—Harold Locke, June '15.

.... SENIOR SOAKS ...

Name	Rearing	Disposition	Hangout	Hobby	Hereafter
Wilfred Anderson	String beans	Harmless	In the field	Catching flies	Loon Lake farmer
Harry Annack	On etiquette	Happy-go-lucky	St. Germain (once)	To be a real "tuff"	Villain
Helen Bagley	Like sister's	Like sister's	With Lucile	Consoling Lucile	Living with the family
Lucile Bagley	Like sister's	Like sister's	With Helen	Consoling Helen	Living with the family
Winifred Bayley	Paints	Mild	With Lucile	Being artistic	Bingville Bugle artist
Wallace Balfour	On silence	Sul mission personified	Nowhere	Reading psalms	Parson
Fay Barker	Baking powder	Easy-going	Tennis court	Playing tennis	Chorus girl
Renns Bender	Gasoline	Awfully nice	Meade, Wash.	Spending	Jitney driver
Signor Blum	Hot air	Kissable	Tamataek office	Running off at the mouth	Side show Barker
Naomi Bourquin	Lots of lunch	Foolish	At Harrison's	Serenading	With the rest of the Saints
Emmett Brandt	On zit	Hastu't any	Football field	Packing papers	Assistant to Laura Jean Libbey
Duncan Brickell	Discipline	Peaceful	Mother's apron strings	Collecting	Ribbon counter
Ethel Brooks	Lost	Weak	Doesn't know	Cranning for 'tivities	Old maid
Ruth Brown	Half-cooked	Too small to have one	Where 'Chollie is	Poetry	Mrs. 'Chollie M.
Ethyl Caldwell	On grape-nuts	Reasonable	With H. H.	Trying to grow tall	Housekeeper
Esther Carter	On percentage	Natural	Session room	Studying	Secretary for Booker T
Beth Chapman	French	Peevish	With her best bean	Fussin' Stan	Polly in Fra Saay
Lucille Clancy	Sewing	Lamb-like	With Pansy	Sewing	Madame Lucy, sewing teacher
Paul Cole	On coal	Meek	Crescent Bowling alley	Addressing the crowd	Soap box orator
Homer Collins	On good jokes (He lives with his dad)	Flaming	With papa	Being popular	Seat of honor in 319
Gordon Cook	On carrots	Lovely	Beside the Nyle	Booming matrimony	Beside the Nyle
Miriam Cooke	Sweet dough	Pious	Most any place	Lugging books	Police matron
Thomas Corcoran	In church	Crummy	Sunday School	Being good	Heaven
Stanley Croonquist	In the Wild West	Noisy	F27 Ermina	Strolling	St. Maries
Paul Cox	On gum	Sarcastic	Dog house	Making three letters	Walla Walla
Martha Craney	Sour grapes	Serene	With the cooks	Sewing in class	Craney Crow
Leslie Cleary	Thin molasses	Peenery	Soup joint	Spelling	A warm time
Gilbert Cundy	Very delicate		Plastino Hotel	"He kissa da girla"	Running a peanut stand

Name	Bearing	Disposition	Hangout	Hobby	Hereafter
Helen Davidson	On buckwheat	Pompous	In 1775	Taking gym (Jim)	Martina Washington
Bess Davis	Dried prunes	Cunning	With the ... crowd	Being nice	Hair dresser
Walter Davis	Mellen's baby food	Slightly swollen	Palm	Sleigh riding	The pink of perfection
Mildred Drummond	Dynamite and nitro	Rough	B. & M.	Making disturbances	Carrie Nation's assistant
Antoinette Dustin	glycerine	Saucy	Gym	Dustin	Selling tickets at a lemonade stand
Ray Foley	Dusty	Bum	Box car	playing big time vauile	Walla Walla Circuit
Dove Frederick	Small town stuff	Loveable to someone	Home for two	Loving	Lovely
Nancy Fuller	In Rome	Paritanie	Creamery	Making butter-balls	Running a dairy farm
Winnifred Fuqua	Buttermilk	Lazy	Around the building	Hanging around	A nun
Bernadine Garland	Lengthy	Grouchy	Room 103	Taking dictation	Steno
Emilee Gjertsen	In a Ford	Harmless	Tennis court	Having her face shot	Back to Sweden
Nellie Gray	On peroxide	Talkative	Senior A session room	Loafing	Kentucky belle
Roger Greenough	On stumps	Easy-going	Clark-Beyans	Gabbing	Bartender
Sherman Grier	In the mines	Take a look at him	See Ruth H.	Order, please!!!	— ? ? ?
Samuel Grinstelder	Prunes	Villainous	In the office	Motor-cycling	President L. W. W.'s
John Groom	On his brilliancy	Weighty	Marr's		It's all in the name,
	views				Groom
Olive Habner	On a tree	Ripe	On the tree	Hanging on the limb	Bottled
Inez Hale	With her twin sister	Babyish	Beside Polly	Echoing	Laundry worker
Grace Hallahan	On smiles	Like the angels	N. C. H. S.	? ?	Skool mum
Glen Hamann	On fish	Crabby	On the shore	Fishing	What
Leslie Hamer	Sir John Barleycorn	Frost nipped	Beside Johnny	Running the old boat	Stoker
John Hancy	In Hillyard	Busy	The roundhouse	Buzzing	Section boss
Nyle Harrison	On cookies	Cookish	Cook room	Cooking	A Cook
Floy Hartness	Hofty	Sober	Robinson's	Resting	Chalk-pusher
Margaret Healy	On gum-drops	Boisterous	Behind the counter	Kidling J. K.	Prize fighter
Lorin Hilbard	On larnin'	Gallant	Clothes line	Chewing pencils	Supporting the family
Carol Hocking	On melodies	Harmonious	Behind the bright lights	Singing	Schumann Heinke H.
Hortense Howerton	In Tekoa	Tolerable	With sister	Talking in her own sweet way	Back to Tekoa
Nina Howerton	On the farm	Loveable	With Hortense	Being graceful	Bathing nymph
Russell Hunter	On a fast tram	Fussy	Bancroft	Loving them all	Merry widower

Name	Rearing	Disposition	Hangout	Hobby	Hereafter
Guy Hurd	On dolls	Angelic	The best	Wearing a clean collar	Cutting out paper dolls for orphans
Harry Irvim	Hot air	Breezy	Everywhere	Talking	Still talking
Mabel Jones	On Gregg	Dubious	With the conductor	Joy-riding on street cars	Street car inspector
Marguerite Juhnke	Splendid	Friendly	With teacher	Secret!	No one knows
Mildred Kershaw	Literature	Touchy	Library	Studying	Principal of Hilliard School
Alma Kitley	Maddening	Loveless	With her books	Adjusting her rosette	Waitress on the Sandwich Isle
Robert Kolbe	On custard	Silly (by all means)	Rex	Making a fool of himself	Bass at the Rex
John Koontz	Where the red, red roses grow	Magnetic	With Bryan	Trying to live up to his namesake	Manager of a carrot factory
Elizabeth Kyle	In the alley	Lowly	With Goldie	To live and to love	Most any place
Merrill LaFontaine	On mauna	Malicious	Camp meetings	Beating the ivories	Inventor of painless hair-curlers
Charlotte Lang	Politics and historical facts	Nervous	Smart shop	Springing the latest	Making hair switches
Ilo Leggett	Soap	Melancholy	Sewing room	Being particular	Lady barber
Bryan Leiser	Fishy	Gasifications	With the patriotic bunch	Sleeping at the switch	Cap and bells
James Lindahl	In short trousers	Manly	Among the chickens	Wearing Knickerbockers	Soda squirts at Antlers
Winnie Lindell	With Grace	Miserable	Home, sweet home	Imitating Grace	Keeping a home for stray cats
Harold Locke	In a white collar	Steady	Under the mistletoe	Speeding on a go devil	In my harp
Patsy Copp	Soup	Loppy	With the folks	Trying to get to the top	Virgil teacher at Spangle
Stuart Lower	Printer's ink	Little fat rascal	With the Revelers	Tripping the light fantastic	Director of Y. W. C. A.
Verna Lubbing	Canned fruit	Lovely	With the pots and kettles	Wearing a diamond	Married
Harry Lynde	Carnation milk	Bored	Peyton barber shop	Warbling	Singing in the angels' choir
Goldie McAtee	Overdone	Perfect	In the carrot patch	Giggling	Under the sink
Homer McDonald	On the farm	Weary	Where expenses are few	Fussing	Circus band
Herbert McGuire	On his nerve	Loving	With the girls	Talking	Ireland, forever
Honorable McHugh	Peculiar	Measly	With the shamrock	Silence	Back to the old sod

Name	Rearing	Disposition	Hangout	Hobby	Hereafter
Cameron McKenzie	Running	Glum	On the track	Seeing Nellie Home	Winner of Olympic trophy
David McKenzie	On dancing	Irish	Longest way round	Jackson Avenue	Policeman
Adolph Marks	Chafelafish	Shrewd	Near Fifth Avenue	Objecting	Holding the money
Neva Martin	Corn Flakes	Studious	With T. O.	100 per cent average	Hall of Fame
Arthur Meehan	Almost complete	Spasmodic	Where the crowd is	Chewing baby	Bread line
Zella Meleher	On dates	Bird-like	At the piano	Hunting	Grand opera
Amanda Meyer	Cabbage	Noisy	Front seat	Springing something startling	Divorced three times
Walter Millette	On jokes	Musical	On the route	Carrying papers	Still carrying papers
LeRoy Moe	Borden's food	Gentle	With Louie	Mowing	See the next issue
Esther Muir	Knowledge	O. K.	There with Caesar	Shooting tennis	Champion tennis player
Raymond Munson	On eggs	Crusty	Committee meetings	Adjusting Jesslie's hair	Coo-coo!
Ruth McKay	On innocence	Important	With Maudy	Walking with Maudy	Doubtful
Irene Myers	On licorice	Ferocious	With Mozart	Music	Playing in the penny parlor
Louie Myers	On books	Me first	Where it does him the most good	Figuring out new plots	Lawyer at Dishman
Amanda Nash	With the rest of the dolls	Bill knows	Bill knows this, too	Loving Bill	Secret
Harold Neely	Rough	Pessimistic	In the dim twilight	Trying to start something	Keeping a chicken ranch
Ralph Neely	In everything he can grab	Stately	Where the biggest graft is	Blessing the show	U. S. Treasurer
Jessie Nicholas	Ivory	Fresh	At the Bowery	Learning German	Style designer
Howard Olin	With the basket ball	Good-natured	Review	Ushering	Crenatory
Harry Olmsted	Bran shorts	Stingy	On his bike	Cussing	Operating Burrough's latest
Katherine Oman	H. U.	Gelatinized	At the Nazarene	Fluttering	Missionary's wife
Harve Partridge	On fowls	Tender hearted	Around the locker	Giving trials	Lawyer
Olive Paulsson	Anti-fat	Alluring	Where the lights are low	Getting acquainted	Fat lady in side show
Penton Peacock	On bright feathers	Lofty	With the rest of the chickens	Showing off	Carol Hocking's hat decoration
Helena Pearl	Polished	Undignified	Window	"Passing", Mr. Ramsey	In the ring

Name	Rearing	Disposition	Hangout	Hobby	Hereafter
Opal Philips	Among the sun-flowers	Cockettish	Independence, Kans.	Milking cows	Down on the farm
Ruth Powell	Religious	Quiet	Ain't no such thing	Bluffing English	Salvation Army for her
Catherine Pugh	Drawn out	Good natured	Masque	Enumerating her brother's virtues	Literary editor of "Nuff Sed."
Ruth Quarry	Cut short	Loud	With Bertha	Pounding the machine	Private secretary
Bertha Quigley	Also cut short	"Swell"	With Ruth	Dancing	Ballet dancer
Clara Rifter	O. K.	Who said so?	Everywhere	Nothing	River Styx
Elsie Robinson	Scruggly	Coolish	305	Flunking in Civics	Old Maid
Lois Roper	Cut off	Sharky	Mathematics Club	Mathematics	Mathematician
Helen Ross	?	Studious	Her classes	Making 95%	Teacher
Mary Sawyer	Pork	Real Sweet	With Mildred	Bluffing Civics	Natural
Esie Seagrave	By the sea (See)	Nice	Back stairs	Getting good grades	Sea Grave?
Ethel Shaw	On modesty	Meek	Garrett's	Learning to dance	Rather lonely
Jeanette Sholes	Most any place	Loveable	Mystic Shrine	Reaching pabns	Fortune-teller
Chrystal Siekafoose	On spuds	A mixture	At Ethel's	Poddling hot air	Sad, but true
Elsie Stone	Shortening	Touchy	With Springer	Going with Springer	Mrs. Springer
Ruth Stone	Ditto	Ask Chas.	With Chas.	Talking Chas.	Mrs. Chas. Abraham
Preda Storm	Elongated	Artistic	Art room	Designing	Artist
Elsie Stricker	In Coeur d'Alene	Awful	Around school	Painting Scenery	Strick(en)
Frank Taylor	Limbarger	Crumby	Before the scenes		With the rest of the scenery
Marie Thunberg	Booky	Solemn	Bookroom	Checking lines	Librarian
Elieth Wagoner	With care	Who knows	Not much of any place	Ask her	Guess for yourself
Any Warren	On math.	Agreeable	Has none	Writing short stories	Authoress
Mary Webber	Lacking	Mum	With flowers	Sticking around	Dishwasher
Bernice Weiscoopf	Backwheat	Bostonian	Boston Cafe	Eating	Waitress
Esther Weideman	On codfish	Strictly decent	Stockholm	Grafting candy from de batters	Hash slinger at Little Brick
Glady's Williamson	On wit	Painful	Debating Club	Springing bum jokes	Mrs. Pankhurst
Chester Woodcock	Soured	Nix!	Mr. Lionan's room	Loving them all	Medical Lake
Florence Woodward	With the rest of the Swedes	The Amiable	Minnesota	Cushing	Suffragette
Dorothy Worthington	Second-hand	Has none	"Over the hills and far away"	Scolding	Nobody home
Lucile Yeager	Lean	Balmy	Picture Shows	Running around loose	Society matron



Our School.



PRINCIPAL
R.T. HARGREAVES

ASST. PRINCIPAL
A.H. BENEFIEL

Faculty

R. T. HARGREAVES

PRINCIPAL

A. H. BENEFIELD

VICE-PRINCIPAL

C. CORWIN

SECRETARY

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Sawtelle, L. W.
Bechtel, Miss Alice
Bigelow, Miss Bertha
Clarke, Miss Emma E.

Coleman, Rufus A.
Evans, Miss Mary
Paterson, Miss Louisa
Prickett, E. J.

Sammons, Miss Mabel
Wilson, Miss Ida
Ware, Miss Jeanette L.
Blake, Miss Hazel

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Benefield, A. H.
Bousier, T. A.

Endsley, A. W.
Johnson, A. M.
Kennedy, F. G.

Kreider, J. L.
Sanborn, R. S.

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

Davis, Ira
Jones, W. W.

Kaye, Miss Gertrude
Mosher, Miss Ida
Ecker, J. O.

Moyer, S. L.
Oldt, Miss Jessie

LANGUAGES

Bostrom, Miss Signe
Broomhall, Miss Edith

Gibson, Miss Jessie
Borresen, Miss Alice

Fehr, Miss Margaret
Liebau, O. P.

HISTORY

Bemiss, Miss Catherine

Ramsey, T. O.
Collins, A. J.

Kaye, A. L.

COMMERCIAL

Gundry, George

Davis, John
Strieter, A. O.

Snyder, Miss Vera

MANUAL AND HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Carpenter, C. L.
Hamilton, Miss Mary E.
Hitchcock, Miss Carrie

Roddy, G.
Frank, Miss May
Olney, Miss Pansy

Scantlebury, Miss Eva
Smith, M. C.

PHYSICAL DIRECTORS

Bickley, Miss Fannie

Woodward, A. C.

Hittle, Miss Margaret

Stowell, Miss Lillian

PINE ARTS

MUSIC

Rice, C. Olin

PUBLIC SPEAKING
Rogers, Miss Ethel V.

BOOK CUSTODIAN
Marie Thunborg

LIBRARIAN
Fargo, Miss Lucile

DRAMATICS



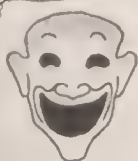
THE DELTA "High Jinks" of March 12 were not a strictly dramatic feature of the school semester, but they must be mentioned here as a worthy North Central stage production. They were high-class vaudeville acts, presented in near-professional style. Dialogue dialect turn, tumbling, music, hobo comedians, darky dialogue, slack-rope walking, and a playlet, all brought hearty applause from the big audience, and the curtain finally rang down amid noisy expressions of pleasure. As a stage entertainment, it was one of the most successful ever seen in our auditorium.

* * * *

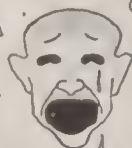
On the evening of March 26, the Masque Dramatic Society staged its yearly offering before a fair-sized audience. The society chose an excellent play for a high-school audience—one that contained numerous comical situations and yet possessed moments of intense interest. The Masquers were splendidly cast in the various roles, and character parts and emotional scenes were excellently carried, even though "doors stuck and fern-pots smashed," as the morning paper put it.

Alta Cooney vividly portrayed impulsive "Betty" Annesley, without giving the audience even a hint that she was an amateur in high-school dramatics. Signor Blum took the title role—"The Man On the Box"—with an ease and forcefulness that highly pleased, while Irene Oliver as vivacious Nancy Warburton and Ralph Neely as the energetic "Charlie" Henderson won distinct applause.

The more modest parts were played in an equally convincing manner. Grace Turner as haughty Mrs. Conway, Philip McEntee as the polished villain, Merton Jessep as Colonel Annesley, Mary Stewart, Stuart Lower, Morton Margolyes, Harry Lynde, Walter Russell, Gordon Cook, Kenneth Mower, and Bryan Leiser won the hearts of the audience with their loyal and smooth support of "Bob" and "Betty." The "lead parts" were easily distinguishable, but the entire cast were exceptionally able. North Central High School can not thank Miss Rogers too much for the splendid work she does in training amateur players for stage-work.



DRAMATIC



"The Touchdown"

The Class Play—"The Touchdown"—on May 28, was a splendid triumph for the cast, for Miss Rogers who trained the cast, and for the Class of June '15, under whose auspices the play was presented. "The Touchdown," although of the usual "college life, love, and football" character, contained the dash, humor, and tenseness necessary to gain the interest of the audience, and the ability of the cast to put their lines "over the footlights" clinched their grip on every hearer in the house.



Miss Ethel V. Rogers

Florence Woodward as Rena Maynard and Jean Sholes in the part of Watassa Faulkner were twin stars of the evening. Stage presence and ability made their acting pleasing, and as football enthusiasts and sweethearts they were a decided success. Ray Foley, taking the part of Grant Hayden, hero of Siddell and Rena Maynard's "best," won applause with his interpretation of the role of the straightforward young collegian.

Harry Aumack acted well the character of the immaculately dressed, but dissipated and crafty Alfred Woolfe. Even Harry's complexion was in keeping with his heavy "willun" role. Guy Hurd was convincing as "Bob" Hayden, the impulsive, jealous brother of Grant, and loyal admirer of Watassa.

Olive Paulissen lisped divinely through the evening as Marjory Carson, and coyly made Jimmie Brooks (Robert Kolbe) frantic with her whims. "Bob" Kolbe was the big laugh of the play, with his singing and artful love-making.

Ruth Quarry and Inez Hale were a splendid set of twins, and did Dolly and Evelyn Sylvester excellently. Between them, they almost worried Adolph Marks thin, while he, Gene Clarke, the football coach of Siddell, insistently strove to mix football and love.



THE TOUCHDOWN

Priscilla Parmelee was excellently well taken by Lucile Claney, who worked into the old-maid teacher type with plenty of vim. John Koontz, as Priscilla's adored book-worm, Professor Sumner, made a fine character actor, and with Thomas Coreoran, as George Holman, college man and football player, completed a cast that, for well-rounded ability, has had few equals in the history of North Central class plays.

When the curtain fell to the final burst of applause, it closed the most successful and the finest dramatic season North Central has yet enjoyed.



The Man on the Box (by) the Masque



Lower



Grace Turner.



The runaway scene.



Ralph Nerley



Cook



Big Blum

you young scamp
return the article
which you stole
from the young lady

The hero



Lower



Leiber



Alta Cooney



Jesseph.

you scoundrel



The Villain

McEntee.

Oh!!!



the tongue.

Why John!

"Merely a slip of the tongue Miss."

LIBRARY

(A Word from Miss Fargo)



TAKE it for granted you are going to have a library—one of your very own. It may not consist of morocco-bound volumes with gilt backs; in fact, I hope it won't. But I'm sure you are going to buy books some time—today, tomorrow, or next year—and I'd like to help you.

Good libraries are like good manners; they are a part of you. A library which is merely a collection of books, be the books ever so fine, is of slight value unless it expresses your individuality. Nobody can successfully buy your library for you, or even tell you what you should put into it. If Jacob Riis's "Making of An American" inspires you more than the "Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini," buy the first, even though it is not included in President Eliot's five-foot book-shelf. The test of a book is its worth-while-ness to you now or in the future—especially in the future. "Freckles" may be a "sweet" story, but candy won't do for a steady diet. Therefore buy substantial books. If you like some of Tennyson now, buy a complete edition of his poems. You'll like more of him later. If you have nibbled at John Burrough's nature books and have found the taste good, buy "Wake Robin," or "Birds and Bees." They will taste just as good ten years from now.

Of course you will need some help in your purchasing. You will want to know what edition of the poets is the best, and whether it is wise to buy "sets"; what is the best illustrated edition of Shakespeare; whether, if you have but \$5.00 to spend, it is best to put it all into a dictionary.

The school library can help you out here. Below is a list of reference books for first purchase. It is not likely you will want them all. Even here your choice will depend on your interests. There are only two that everybody should have—the encyclopedia and the dictionary.

I am adding a little list of editions. You can come to the library at any time and see examples of them. They are not the most beautiful editions, and not the best bound. But they are well edited and inexpensive—the best to be had for the money.

The library can furnish you with lists of standard books on any line in which you are interested. If you have sampled an author and found him good, ask the librarian to help you find more of him, or more like him. That's her business and she likes it!

A Student's Reference Library

A list prepared in answer to the question, "What reference books shall I buy first?"

The books are arranged in order of their importance. An unabridged dictionary should be purchased if possible, but a student's dictionary is given as an alternative. Of the two encyclopedias, the larger is the more satisfactory, but the inexpensive EVERYMAN will be found very useful.

In all cases, pains should be taken to secure the latest editions.

- New International Dictionary. Merriam, \$12.00; or
 Webster's Secondary School Dictionary. Amer. Book Co., \$1.50.
 New International Encyclopedia. 23 v. Buckram binding. Dodd, \$97.75; or
 Everyman Encyclopedia. 12 v. (Everyman's Library.) Dutton, \$6.00.
 Bartholomew, J. G. Literary and Historical Atlas of America. (Everyman's Library.) Dutton, \$0.35.
 Bartholomew, J. G. Literary and Historical Atlas of Europe. (Everyman's Library.) Dutton, \$0.35.
 World Almanac. Latest Edition. Paper. Press Publishing Co., \$0.30.
 Gayley, C. M. Classic Myths. Ginn, \$1.50.
 Hinsdale, B. A. American Government. Amer. Book Co., \$1.25. Explains national, state, and local government.
 Ploetz, Karl. Epitome of Ancient, Mediaeval, and Modern History. Houghton, \$3.00.
 Mauly, J. M. English Poetry. Ginn, \$1.50. A collection of the best known English poems.
 Stedman, E. C. American Anthology. Student's Edition. Houghton, \$2.00. The best-known poems of American authors.
- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| Macmillan's Standard Library | Cambridge Poets |
| Everyman's Library | Burt's Home Library |
| Temple Classics | |

LIBRARY REPORT

The Student Government Board has again passed a successful year. This new branch of school life, in which the students of North Central led all schools of the Northwest, has coped ably and judiciously with the government of the school library. The room is quiet and neat, each student endeavoring to spread the fame of our library far and near. In all, the student body and the Student Government Board can heartily congratulate themselves on the success of the different phases of this department of our school.

Mr. Hargreaves has been asked to speak on "The Possibilities of a High School Library" at the National Educational Association in Oakland on August 24, 1915.

Whitman College

Walla Walla, Washington

May 24, 1915.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Principal R. T. Hargreaves,
North Central High School,
Spokane, Washington.

My dear Mr. Hargreaves,

I wish to congratulate you on the splendid showing made by your senior class in our English Essay Prize Contest. Of the seventy-eight high schools of Idaho, Oregon, and Washington which entered the contest, the North Central took second place, first place being taken by Harbison, Oregon, with a class of ten. If hereafter we repeat the competition, we shall plan to have two prizes one for the large school and one for the small one, for the large school is evidently at a disadvantage in such a contest. Our Faculty in the English department have a high appreciation of the excellent teaching of English in the North Central High School.

Please express to your teachers of English and also to your senior class our congratulations on the honor which they have won for the North Central High School.

With high regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

Stephen B. L. Purcell
President.

CURRENT EVENTS



ON FRIDAY EVENING, April second, the Girls' Classes in Physical Training gave an exhibition in the gymnasium under the direction of Miss Bickley. The Freshman Classes were pleasing in an exhibition of Swedish exercises and dumb-bells. The marching, wand, and Indian club drills, games, and apparatus work were performed by the Elective Classes. Various dances showed another attractive feature of work in the Physical Training Department.

* * * *

At convocation on April eighth the Geometry Contest was announced by Harry Olmsted. The contest is to be held on May twelfth. Announcements of the "Chinook" were delivered by Ralph Neely and Signor Blum. The Deltas and Agendas of the North Central High School, the Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane University, and Whitworth College were to assist in the program for the "Chinook" which was to be held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Moyer stated that the Interclass Track Meet is to take place on April 29th. A trophy cup was awarded the class winning the most points in the running broad jump, the running high jump, and the discus throw.

An announcement of the Interclass Debates was made by Mr. Coleman. Mr. Coleman urged the Freshmen especially to become interested and try for their team.

The Cross-Country Run medals were presented by Doctor Benefiel. To George Swank first place was awarded; second, Bolivar Seofield; third, Farrel Low; fourth, Spenceer Morse; and fifth, Roland Spiger.

The main purpose for holding convocation was to listen to the Girls' Whitman Glee Club. They sang several thoroughly pleasing numbers.

* * * *

Mr. Hargreaves called meetings in the auditorium on April ninth. The purpose of the convocations was the first appearance of the orchestra this semester. Several thoroughly pleasing numbers were played.

On the evening of April thirtieth the "Arrival of May in a Calendar of Dances" was celebrated in the North Central auditorium by the Girls' Classes in Physical Training under the supervision of Miss Bickley. The large attendance at this performance broke all previous records.

June opened the program with the American Beauty Dance; the "Goddess of Liberty" march came next, celebrating the Fourth of July; August, with its Golf, Riding, Yachting, and Tennis girls was enjoyed. The audience was pleased with the graceful Dance of the Drifting Leaves, while the picturesque Hallowe'en Dance delighted everyone. November's Thanksgiving Dance, and the Christmas Eve Mazurka marked two splendid numbers on the program. A lively Snow-Flake Dance opened the new year. February passed with its charming old-fashioned minuet. The jolly Irish Jig brought forth gales of laughter from the audience. April was ushered in with a Shower Dance, which in turn was succeeded by a dance by the Rainbow girls. The audience voiced the opinion that the May-Pole Dance was, without an exception, the prettiest of its kind they had ever witnessed.

Too much credit and praise cannot be given to Miss Bickley for her work with the girls. She originated the intricate steps, planned the dainty costumes, and designed the scenery. The various stage-settings added another very attractive feature to the evening's entertainment. The entire program was a most decided success and left people looking forward to next May's bringing another one equally enjoyable.

* * * *

For the third consecutive year, the girls had charge of the May-Day convocation. At the one held on May fourth, Florence Woodward presided. Several announcements of interest were given. The prizes for the Vox Puellarum Short-Story Contest were awarded. This contest was open to girls only, the prizes of five, three, and two dollars being given to Olive Lepper, Ruth Hollemback, and Helen Blankenhorn, respectively.

A dainty dance designed for the month of June, called the "American Beauty Dance," was given by seven girls under the direction of Miss Bickley. Another feature of the program that proved enjoyable was the Summer Girl Dance, for the month of August. Four summer sports were represented, golf, riding, yachting, and tennis. The last number on the program was "The Dance of the Drifting Leaves," a graceful September dance.



"Tough, eh?"

Too much squirrel food

We eat again



Sam

"Stu"art



"Sig"

Around the "Dog House".
At Noon.

A "Gunman"

Mr. E. J. Prickett was chosen for one of the judges at a three-cornered contest between the towns of Mullan, Wardner-Kellogg, and Wallace. The contest was held on April 30th in Wallace, and consisted of oratory, music, and readings.

* * * *

The Tamarack wishes to acknowledge the photography of Mr. Kreider, which has made possible some of the best cuts in this issue. The front piece is a photograph of the Spokane river made by him; so are the pictures of Priest lake. In fact, nearly all of the pictures in this issue are due to his work or to that of Loren Jackson, former staff photographer of the Tamarack. Kenneth Mower also took a few pictures. The Tamarack thanks them for their work.

A message from President Penrose of Whitman College reached Principal Hargreaves on May sixteenth, to the effect that the North Central High School had won second place in the Essay-Writing Contest held this spring under the auspices of Whitman College. Over twelve hundred essays, written by pupils in the Senior A Classes of seventy-eight high schools in the States of Washington, Idaho, and Oregon were submitted. Of the twelve individual prizes that were awarded, John Koontz received third prize, and Duncan Brickell ninth.

* * * *

Miss Ida M. Wilson is to represent the North Central High School at "The Conference of Vocational Guides" to be held in Pullman on May twenty-first and twenty-second. Representatives from the high schools in the Northwest will be present at the Conference. At North Central Miss Wilson is acting as "Girls' Vocational Guide." Cards have been printed, under her direction, which will be sent to the eighth grade teachers. Any special talent that the pupil may have, or her fitness for a certain line of work, is to be denoted on the card. In this way, Miss Wilson expects to be able to assist the girl in choosing her future vocation.

* * * *

Two members of the June '13 Class of North Central High School have distinguished themselves at the University of Washington of late, Nellie McColl and Donald Wilson. An entertainment was given by the Masque and Quill Society, and it included a group of songs written by Donald Wilson, and a musical comedy, "His Grace, the Duke," the music of which was written by him also. Nellie McColl sang the leading part.

ART EXHIBIT

Beginning on the sixth and continuing until the twenty-second of May, the Art Department held its annual exhibition of students' work. Never before in the history of the school has an art exhibit been characterized by such magnitude and success as was this one.

Samples of work from all classes were displayed, including leather work, jewelry, dress designing, embroidery, pose drawings, and illustrations. A noteworthy feature was the presence of a large number of pieces formerly published in the Tamarack.

The number of students in this department has been steadily increasing. This is partly due to the fact that these exhibitions, bring before the student body the idea that art is practical and occupies a place in their every-day lives. The study of it trains the critical powers, developing judgment and skill, thereby increasing the individual's efficiency in whatever line of work he may be occupied with.

This may seem erroneous to some, but the number of skeptical ones is steadily decreasing, and some day the study of art will be considered as necessary to a student's education as is the mastering of the alphabet today.

—Homer Ansley.

SCHOLASTIC HONOR ROLL

In the Class of June 1915, are twelve students, who, during the three and one-half years' work up to February, have made an average grade of 90 per cent or above. This is one of the largest honor rolls of any class graduating from North Central High School.

Neva Martin took first place with an average of 92.356, and Lois Roper, Helen Ross, and Esther Muir followed, a close second, third and fourth, with averages of 92.143, 92.085, and 92.036, respectively. The others came in the following order: Ethyl Cadwell, 91.259; Homer Collins, 91.174; Daisy Lopp, 90.8; Sam Grinsfelder, 90.607; Bess Davis, 90.552; Mildred Kershaw, 90.428, Harry Ohmsted, 90.35; Thomas Corcoran, 90.036.

MUSIC

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL



WITH a view to establishing it as an annual affair, the second music festival in the history of North Central was given on May 19th. To say it was well done would be putting it mildly. We have always been proud of our musical organizations and this entertainment more than affirmed our judgment. Only compositions by the very best composers, such as Paderewski, Nevin, and Mendelssohn, were used, carrying out the principle of teaching only good music in the school.

These names mentioned are among the most noted in the musical world, but there is another on the program whose work means



ORCHESTRA

perhaps more to the school than any of these. The mere fact that the march composed by Wm. Robinson appears among a list of such noted compositions shows its merit.

The cantata by the Glee Club, with Frank Taylor as soloist, deserves special mention, while thanks is due to Miss Rogers for the reading which was given in her usual charming way.

PROGRAM

Overture, "Pique Dame".....	Suppe
Orchestra	
Violin Quartette, "Scherzo Capriccio".....	Mendelssohn
Lillian Baker, Thula La Follette, Ethel Thornton, Stella Nelson	
Vocal Solo, "Doris".....	Nevin
Carol Hocking	
Violin and Cello Obligato.....	
Lillian Baker and Gilbert Robinson	
"Delta March".....	Wm. Robinson
"Minuet".....	Paderewski
Orchestra	
Reading, "By Courier".....	O. Henry
Miss Ethel Rogers	
"Love in Idleness".....	Macbeth
"Czardas" (Coppelia).....	Delibes
Orchestra	
"Serenade".....	Till
Flute—Bonnie Robinson	
Cello—Gilbert Robinson	
Cantata, "Paul Revere's Ride".....	Busch
Soloist—Frank W. Taylor	
Glee Club	
Overture, "Raymond".....	Thomas
Orchestra	

Notes

Numerous "paths to fame" have been made by the various departments of the school but no path has been deeper or better than that made by the Music Department. The following recent appearances have contributed toward its making:

On April 12th, the orchestra entertained the Inland Teachers' Conference held at the Lewis and Clark High School.

The band was asked to furnish music for the opening League Ball Game and the Ad Club's "Straw Hat Parade," and responded with that spirit and enthusiasm of which North Central is so proud.

At the concert given by the Musical Art Society in our auditorium, April 16, the school orchestra opened the program with Delibes' "Mazurka" and "Czardas."

With the graduation of the June '15 Class, vacancies will be made in the Glee Club by Frank Taylor, Homer McDonald, Harold Neely, Ray Foley, Sherman Grier, Stuart Lower, Carol Hocking, Inez Hale, Zella Melcher, Lucile Clancy, and Jessie Nicholas. The vacancies will be filled by a tryout next fall.



THE GLEE CLUB

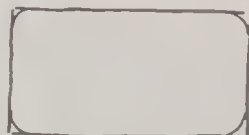
OUR SCHOOL GARDEN

For those who desire to study Agriculture from the practical side, our school offers an excellent course. A course not so much in the schoolroom as out in the open air where students really have a garden, plant all manner of seeds, and conduct experiments of all kinds. These experiments not only benefit the students themselves but all of Spokane and even the surrounding country. The students under Mr. Bonser have been experimenting with the soil of Spokane and the kinds of fertilizer best adapted to it, the best crops that can be grown in and around this city, indeed, all manner of experiments which will undoubtedly be of help to all persons interested in Agriculture.

The garden occupies two acres in Audubon Park. At the entrance, on each side of the path, lawn is planted and the letters N. C. H. S. in white clover and blue grass, bordered with tulips and hyacinths, indicate the owner of the garden. The tract is divided into four parts called the Southeast, Southwest, Northeast, and Northwest. The Southeast section is devoted to the leguminous or forage crops, cereals, and about twenty variety of fodder plants. The most important are the crimson, mammoth red, medium red clovers, and san foin. The latter variety is new to Spokane, being but little known in this vicinity. It is excellent for an early forage crop. Indeed several farmers north of the city have taken Mr. Bonser's advice and planted the san foin. It also has very pretty flowers, making it suitable for the flower bed as well. An interesting experiment is being made with the different varieties of fodder plants. As soon as they reach a sufficient height they are cut down to within an inch of the ground, the object being to determine how many crops can be grown from the same stalks during the season.

The Southwest section is devoted entirely to vegetables, some of which are: Six varieties of sweet corn, pumpkins, squash, and long rows of potatoes. Also, many new varieties of beans and peas are being experimented with as to their adaptability to the climatic conditions of this section. It has been generally found that the soil in Spokane is not suitable for heavy growth because of the lack of nitrogen. Fertilizer must be used, the soil thus becoming very productive. This is especially true of the leguminous plants. The Northeast section is planted with vines and vegetables. The principal kinds are six varieties of field corn, mostly new varieties; also pumpkins, tomatoes, muskmelons, and many new species of vines and flowers, among which are the perennial vines, the annual climbing vines, fifteen varieties of sweet peas, and ten varieties of aromatic

THE SCHOOL GARDEN.



herbs. This section, which has a good growth, will be very pretty this summer when all the vines and flowers are in bloom. The last, but not least important section, is the Northwest, devoted entirely to fruit trees, bushes, and vines. Apple, pear, and cherry trees are the most important, while around the fence are raspberry bushes and strawberry vines. The students are also raising seedling trees to be used in budding and grafting trees already planted. This is very important work, for it will give the students actual practice in grafting trees which should prove useful to them.

In experimenting with fertilizer, a tract of wheat or oats is planted. Along the edges and near the middle different kinds of fertilizer are used. Directly in the middle of the tract no fertilizer was used. The oats have now grown so high that the results may be easily seen. Along the edges an excellent growth has developed of tall, dark green colored stalks, while in the middle, where no fertilizer was used, the stalks are thin and yellow. This serves as ample proof of the fact that soil of this character needs fertilizer if crops of any size are to be grown.

Another important fact in regard to the vegetables and fruit grown in the garden must not be omitted. All that is produced is to go to the girls in the Domestic Science Department, who will preserve all the vegetables and fruit, then giving them to the cafeteria. Thus we see that the garden is serving a double purpose, for it not only gives the students the practical side of Agriculture but will also provide the Domestic Science Department the material they need which otherwise must be bought. Thus, because we have heard but little of the Agriculture Department we must not underestimate its importance.

Walter Davis, June '15.

DEBATE

Fourteen victories and only two defeats is the record that North Central has made during its five years of existence as a separate school, and no opponent has yet been able to obtain a unanimous decision against us.

From 1908 to 1910, the teams were composed of Freshmen and Sophomores under the direction of L. W. Sawtelle. In three of the four debates held during that time North Central came out with unanimous decisions in her favor. From 1910 to 1912, we were represented in the state series by such debaters as Edward Shear

and Alan Paine, but had no separate school team. In the fall of 1912, E. L. Overman took charge of the debating work; and during the next two years, a series of eight debates netted our opponents a total of only three votes. Last fall, Rufus A. Coleman was appointed director of debate, and during the year his teams have been victorious in each of the debates held.

The Spokane Club at the University of Michigan has contributed a silver loving cup to be given temporarily into the keeping of the school winning the annual debate for the championship of the City of Spokane, this cup to remain in the permanent possession of the school winning three successive debates. Our victory over our rivals this year has given us first possession of this beautiful cup.

Besides making an excellent showing against other high schools while attending North Central, our graduates have continued their forensic successes on entering college. Vincent B. White, as a Freshman, helped the University of Washington to defeat Whitman College. Alan Paine made the leadership of the Freshman team at Harvard University and later in the year led the Harvard Freshman team that defeated a similar group from Princeton. During the past year, as a Sophomore, he was a member of the Varsity team that met Yale. During the past year also, Earl Stimson helped Whitman College to take revenge on the University of Washington for the defeat of two years ago, and Edward Shears has been doing good work at Reed College. Altogether we feel that the debating work at North Central has been well worth while.

A summary of all North Central debates follow:

1908-09—L. W. Sawtelle, Coach.

North Central, 3; Plaza High School, 0.

Team—Vincent White, Aubrey Martin, Earl Hosea.

1909-10—L. W. Sawtelle, Coach.

North Central, 3; Hillyard High School, 0.

Team—Vincent White, Robert Merk, Alan Paine.

North Central, 3; Hillyard High School, 0.

Team—Inis Williams, Elizabeth Corcoran, Mae Wallace.

North Central, 1; South Central, 2.

Team—Vincent White, Herman Howe, Alan Paine.

1912-13—E. L. Overman, Coach.

North Central, 3; Latah, 0.

Team—Edward Shears, Russell White.

North Central, 3; Waitsburg, 0.

Team—Alan Paine, Russell White.

North Central, 3; Harrington, 0.

Team—Alan Paine, Russell White.

North Central, 1; Colfax, 2.

Team—Alan Paine, Ira Ketcham.

1913-14—E. L. Overman, Coach.

North Central, 2; Sprague, 1.
 Team—Russell White, Earl Stimson, Aden Keele.
 North Central, 3; Lewis and Clark, 0.
 Team—Russell White, Edward Shears, Morton Margolyes.
 North Central, 3; Deer Park, 0.
 Team—Russell White, Ward Walker, Harold Kenyon.
 North Central, 3; Wilbur, 0.
 Russell White, Ward Walker, David Kirk.

1914-15—Rufus A. Coleman, Coach.

North Central, 2; Latah, 0.
 Team—David Kirk, Martin Johnson, Herbert Pefley.
 North Central, 3; Newport, 0.
 Team—David Kirk, Martin Johnson, Sam Grinsfelder.
 North Central, 2; Harrington, 1.
 Team—Morton Margolyes, Sam Grinsfelder, Russell Hunter.
 North Central, 2; Lewis and Clark, 1.
 Team—Russell White, Sam Grinsfelder, Russell Hunter.

MOVING DAY

'Tis moving day at school to-day,
 We turn in books and keys and tools;
 Our last good-byes we soon will say,
 No more will break dear Ramsey's rules.

We move our things from three-o-five
 And give another class our place.
 We hope that they will grow and thrive
 As we have done, and win the race.

'Tis moving day at school to-day—
 We part, so ends the happy year;
 And some will wander far away
 From school and friends and home so dear.

And soon no more these halls will see
 Us here, nor hear our joyous cry,
 But always in our hearts will be
 True love for dear North Central High.

—Ruth Powell, June '15.

ORGANIZATIONS



NOTHER year is finished and as we look back upon it we can see nothing that will not reflect credit upon the Deltas. This has been the most successful year in the history of the club. From the opening of school last September to its close at the present time the Deltas have been on the job and they have "made good" in every sense of the word.

The Deltas were the first North Central club to stand for the advancement of "Clean Speech," "Clean Thoughts," and "Clean Athletics," and their success can best be shown by the fact that two other such clubs have been organized during the last year based upon the very same standard and for the same purpose as the Deltas.

At practically every meeting of the club some prominent man is invited to the meeting to talk to the club upon some of the great life problems of today which boys and men are forced to meet sooner or later. The talks have proved very beneficial to the fellows and no doubt will be more so as they go out into active life after graduation.

It has been the custom of the club to hold an annual picnic at some nearby lake and this year Newman Lake was decided upon. About thirty boys and their lady friends motored to Newman on May 29 and spent the day boating and fishing. The day was ideal and everyone had a fine time. In the evening a large bon-fire was built on the lake shore and some of the guests amused themselves by roasting marshmallows and telling stories, while the more romantic ones rowed back and forth on the moonlight waters of the lake until about ten o'clock, when the party broke up and motored back to town—a very tired but exceedingly happy crowd.

SENIOR B CLASS REPORT

The Senior B Class has been very active during this semester. There have been three candy sales and the results were very encouraging. Merlin Webber, as president of the class, has shown great ability in arousing class spirit. Plans are being made for the picnic that is to be given in honor of the Senior A's Friday, June fourth.

The class is well represented in the many affairs of the school as well as in the class activities. If there is anything happening in North Central, you always hear of the Senior B's in connection with it.



THE CLASS OF JAN. '16

VOX PUELLARUM

The Girls' Short Story Contest, the first contest open only to the girls of the school, met with such success that the society is contemplating making it an annual affair. The winners in this contest, which closed April 2, received their prizes at May Day Convocation. The winners were Olive Lepper, first prize; Ruth Hollemback, second prize; and Helen Blankenhorn, third prize.

The picnic which was held Friday, May 7, at Indian Canon lived up to all records of previous enterprises, and, to say the least, was a huge success.

We wish to thank the many splendid members belonging to the Class of June '15. Their earnest efforts have helped to make the Vox Puellarum the enthusiastic society it is today and we shall certainly miss them in our work next year.

THE TAMARACK

COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club has finished a very pleasant and successful year and prospects for the coming year are very encouraging. The membership has increased and we have now a good, live society.

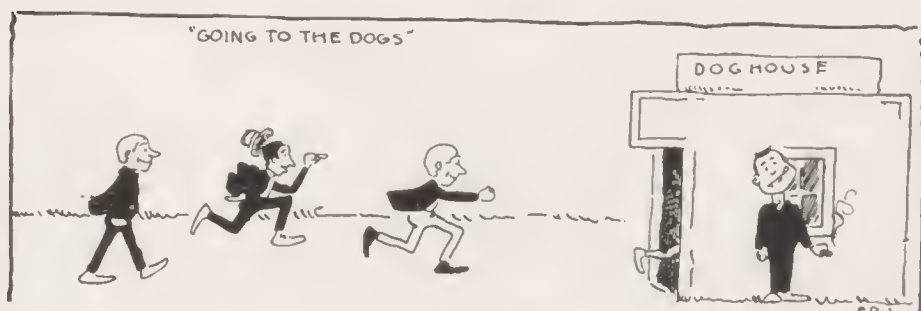
The business meetings have been interesting and well attended. At all the social meetings, the programs have been good and each member has done his part to make them interesting. The best thing of the year was the party at Mr. Strieter's home. Any one who was there will tell you what a fine time we had.

The club is deciding to hold another picnic this year, as the one we had last year was such a success.

The officers for the past year were:

President	Chester Woodcock
Vice President	Mable Jones
Secretary	Nellie Gray
Treasurer	Esther Thunborg
Reporter	Anna Corcoran

Any Commercial student wishing to belong to one of the best societies in school, come out for the Commercial Club.



ATHLETICS.





TRACK

JUNIORS WIN INTERCLASS TRACK MEET



IN ONE of the most hotly contested track meets in the history of the school the Juniors won by eight and two-thirds of a point from the Senior team. The Juniors finished with 55 points to their credit, the Seniors had 47 1-3, the Sophomores followed with 15.50 points, and the Freshmen's total was 13.16.

On account of some of the weight men being in the baseball team, the weight events were postponed until Saturday, the ninth of May.

Merle Lentz, captain of the Junior team, was the star of the meet, scoring a total of 19 points for the winners, making three firsts, a second, and a third. Pearson was the next high point-winner, making a total of 15 points for the Sophomores. Pearson ran a beautiful race in the 100-yard event, covering the distance in 10 seconds flat. He was also first in the 50 and 220 events.

The summary:

50 Yard Dash—Pearson, Sophomore, first; Morse, Junior, second; McKenzie, Senior, third. Time, :05 3-5.
Half Mile—C. McKenzie, Senior, first; Swank, Freshman, second; Collins, Senior, third. Time, 2:09 4 5.

- 100 Yard Dash—Pearson, Sophomore, first; Morse, Junior, second; Legault, Freshman, third. Time, :10.
 440 Yard Dash—Morse, Junior, first; Stone, Junior, second; D. McKenzie, Senior, third. Time, :54.1.
 120 Yard High Hurdles—M. Lentz, Junior, first; L. Lentz, Senior, second; Cook, Junior, third. Time, :18.
 220 Yard Dash—Pearson, Sophomore, first; Morse, Junior, second; Legault, Freshman, third. Time :23 4 5.
 Mile Run—Swank, Freshman, first; Seofield, Junior, second; Duwe, Junior, third. Time, 5:08 1 5.
 220 Yard Low Hurdles—M. Lentz, Junior, first; L. Lentz, Senior, second; P. Lentz and Chamberlin, Freshman and Sophomore, tied for third. Time, :29.
 High Jump—M. Lentz, Junior, first; P. Cox, Senior, second; Gaitskill, Sophomore, third. Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

Interscholastic Track Meet

NORTH CENTRAL IS CHAMPION

Two Northwest records were broken, three tied; eight city interscholastic records broken and one tied, in the Fourth Annual Track Meet when North Central won by the unexpected margin of 23 points, over Lewis and Clark.

The race for first honors was between Pearson of North Central and Johnson of Lewis and Clark. The latter finished with 23 points, to Pearson's 19 1-4. Johnson took first in the high jump, 120-yard hurdles, broad jump, 220-yard hurdles, and second in the 50-yard dash. Pearson placed first in the 50, 100, 220-yard dashes and second in the 440-yard run, as well as running in the winning relay team.

Reg Bullivant again broke the Northwest record in the javelin throw with a heave of 160 feet 2 inches. Anderson broke the city records in the shotput, and the discus; he heaved the shot for 42 feet 7 inches, and threw the discus twice for a new record, 108 feet 2 1-4 inches.

The sprint men for North Central did what was expected of them in every event. Pearson tied both Northwest records in the 100 and 50-yard dashes, with :10 and :05 2-5 seconds time. Morse made a beautiful run in the 440-yard event, tying the :52 time made at Pullman when he was beaten by inches.

Captain C. McKenzie deserves a lot of credit for the showing he made in the broad jump. He ran the half mile with a weak ankle and managed to place second. He was forced to drop out of the mile event, but he came back and took second in the broad jump with a leap of over 20 feet.

Northwest records broken: Javelin—Reg Bullivant, N. C., 160



feet 2 inches. Broad jump—Johnson, L. and C., 22 feet 6 1-2 inches. Northwest records equaled: 50-yard dash—Pearson, N. C., :05 2-5 seconds. 100-yard dash—Pearson, N. C., 10 seconds. 220-yard hurdles—Johnson, L. and C., 26 1-5 seconds.

50-Yard Dash—Pearson, North Central, first; Johnson, Lewis and Clark, second; Morse, North Central, third. Time, :05 2-5.

Pole Vault—Taylor, North Central, first; M. Lentz, North Central, second; Carnahan and Smith, Lewis and Clark, third. Height, 10 feet.

880-Yard Run—Shaw, Lewis and Clark, first; C. McKenzie, North Central, second; Nelson, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, 2:08 4-5.

Shotput—W. Anderson, North Central, first; Skadan, North Central, second; Miller, Lewis and Clark, third. Distance, 42 feet 7 inches.

100-Yard Dash—Pearson, North Central, first; Morse, North Central, second; Glick, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, :10.

High Jump—Johnson, Lewis and Clark, first; Woodward, Lewis and Clark, second; Simpson, Lewis and Clark, third. Height, 5 feet 6 inches.

120-Yard Hurdles—Johnson, Lewis and Clark, first; M. Lentz, North Central, second; Lenwood, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, :15 4-5.

220-Yard Dash—Pearson, North Central, first; Morse, North Central, second; Glick, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, :23.

Broad Jump—Johnson, Lewis and Clark, first; C. McKenzie, North Central, second; M. Lentz, North Central, third. Distance, 22 feet, 6 1-2 inches.

440-Yard Run—Morse, North Central, first; Pearson, North Central, second; Glick, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, :52.

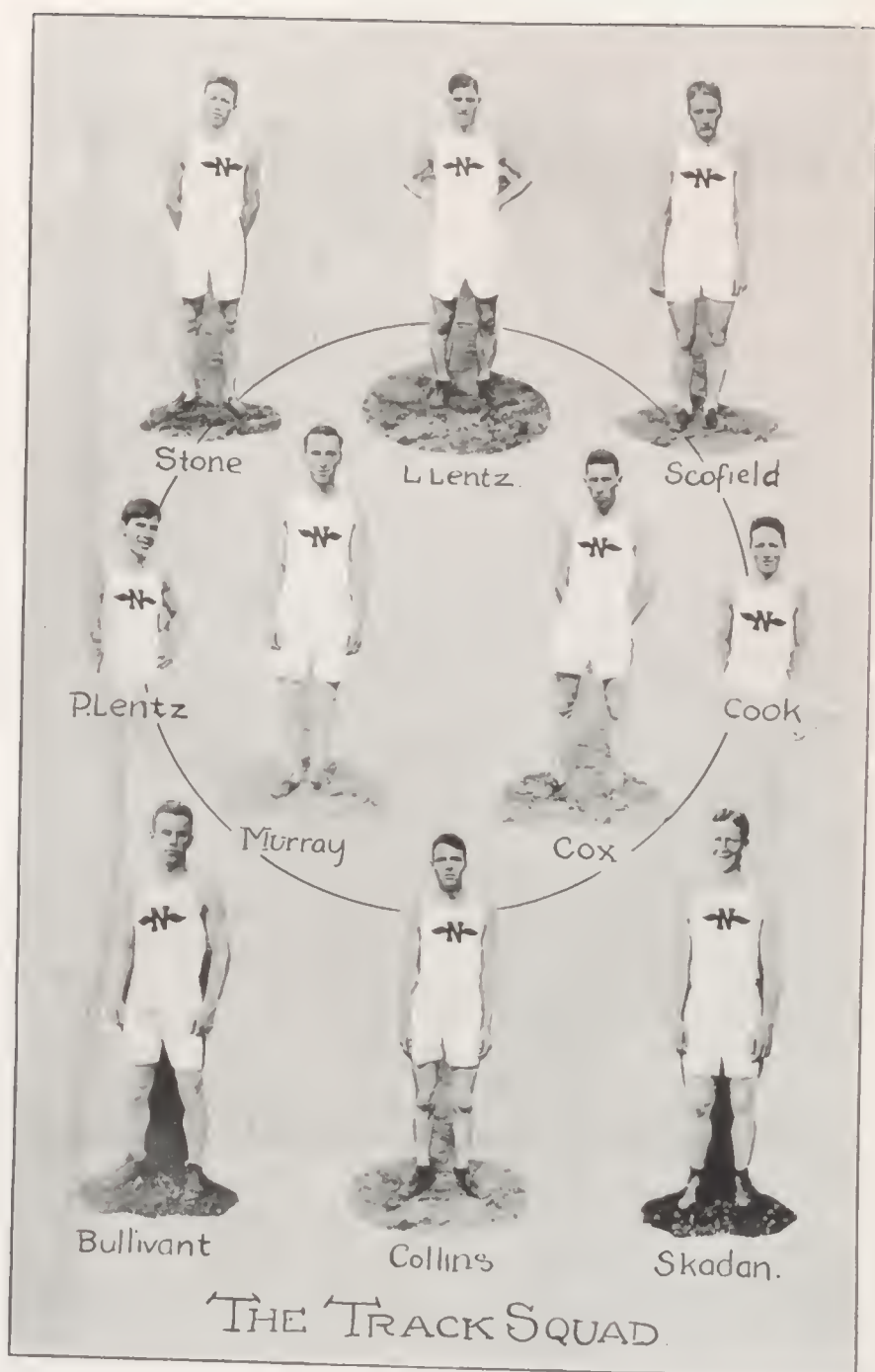
Discus—W. Anderson, North Central, first; Hodgson, Lewis and Clark, second; Skadan, North Central, third. Distance, 108 feet, 2 1-4 inches.

Mile Run—Shaw, Lewis and Clark, first; Boock, Lewis and Clark, second; Swank, North Central, third. Time, 4:59 1-5.

Javelin—Bullivant, North Central, first; Curtice, Lewis and Clark, second; Chessman, Lewis and Clark, third. Distance, 160 feet, 2 inches.

220-Yard Hurdles—Johnson, Lewis and Clark, first; M. Lentz, North Central, second; L. Lentz, North Central, third. Time, :26 1-5.

Mile Relay—Won by North Central team: Pearson, Morse, Stone, and D. McKenzie.



THE TRACK SQUAD.

BASEBALL

O TO 9

In the first game of the series North Central went down to easy defeat before the speedy pitching of Ault, who only gave our boys one hit, and that a scratch made by Sohns. Not only those who saw the game, but many others were convinced that North Central was pursued by a jinx. Every man on the team was off form, not only in the hitting line but also in the fielding end of the game. Torkelson's delivery was easily solved by the "Elsies," and Prather, who went in in his place, was also hit hard. The batteries were: North Central, Torkelson, Prather and Daniels; Lewis and Clark, Ault and Hatch.

9 TO 6

Hard hitting by every member of the North Central team was the feature of the second game with Lewis and Clark, driving their pet "Ault" from the box in the fourth inning.

Lewis and Clark started out to win, making two in the first inning, but the closest they got to victory was in the fourth, when an error and a hit put them in striking distance.

Sohns, the speedy short-stop, Partridge, Skadan, and Melsaacs put up a good game for the winners. Duntun, the right fielder, got four hits out of four times to bat, each a clean single. The batteries were: North Central, Torkelson and Daniels; Lewis and Clark, Ault, Keith and Hatch.



"REG" "DAVE" "QUIG" "COX"
ATHLETIC BOARD

SOHNS - S.S.



TORKELSON - P.



ROKSTRAM 3RDB.



MC ISAACS - 2NDB.



SKADAM 1STB.



DAVIS COACH

HOLDEN MGR.



MOYER



DANIEL - C



IN FIELD ○○

5 TO 4

Poor base running and wild throws by their pitcher spelled defeat for Lewis and Clark in the third game of the championship series. North Central got an early lead when a three-bagger by Anderson, a pass to Skadan, and a home run by Duntun brought in the first runs of the game. Prather weakened in the latter part of the game and three passes with a couple of hits made things look rather disastrous for our team. Torkelson went in in the eighth and pitched great ball, not even giving them a look at the ball.

Keith, for Lewis and Clark, pitched excellent ball but his wildness, coupled with some poor base running and lack of ability to bunch their hits, were among the causes for their defeat. Among the causes—understand.

Prather, for North Central, pitched good ball in the opening innings but was unable to keep up the good work.

2 TO 4

North Central went down to defeat the second time in the fourth game of the city series.

The North Central boys had many chances to win, but poor base running and a couple of costly errors in the sixth inning spelled defeat for them.

"Shrimp" Sohns, for North Central, was the star of the game. In three times to bat he made a triple, a double, and a single. His catch of Sullivan's high fly to deep left was on the sensational order. Running back he caught the ball as he crashed into Anderson, who was also after it. Both fell, but Sohns retained his grip on the ball.

The batteries were: North Central, Torkelson and Daniels; Lewis and Clark, Ault and Hatch.

10 TO 0

Revenge is sweet, and North Central took all the sweets in the fifth game, "getting even" for that first, 9 to 0, game.

Buss, for Lewis and Clark, lasted less than the first inning and Keith, who went in in his place, fared no better. A third man was required before the game was over.

The feature of the game was the hitting of Partridge, Sohns, and Melsaacs. Torkelson, for North Central, pitched in excellent form, Lewis and Clark making but six hits off him.

The batteries were: North Central, Torkelson and Daniels; Lewis and Clark, Buss, Keith, Ingraham, and Hatch.



DURST C.F.



BYERSDORF P.



LAMB SUB. 2ND B.



HALL SUB.



W. ANDERSON LF CAPT.



PARTRIDGE
C.F.



C. ANDERSON SUB. C.



PRATHER P.



DUNTON R.F.

OUT FIELD

7 TO 0

North Central played "rings" around the Lewis and Clark nine, winning by a 7 to 0 score. The North Siders didn't have to play "baseball" to win, it was simply a little workout and batting practice for the boys.

The infield for North Central put up a great game and made many high-class plays, among them three double plays. Skadan, particularly, played "air-tight" ball, and made three hits in three times up.

The pitching of Ingraham for Lewis and Clark was little better than a joke, and Keith, who took his place, was hit hard. Torkelson pitched a beautiful game, allowing only five hits, four of them of the "scratch" variety.

The batteries: North Central, Torkelson and Daniels; Lewis and Clark, Ingraham, Keith and Hatch.

BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

The fifth game of the series is North Central's, the City Baseball Championship, and also the fourth athletic championship of the year! Football—North Central, 26; Lewis and Clark, 0. Track—North Central, 77; Lewis and Clark, 54; three games out of five in basket-ball, and five out of seven games in baseball.

North Central went right after the championship and in the early innings annexed enough runs to be safe for the rest of the game. Keith was hit hard for six hits in the first two innings and three North Side men crossed the plate. Some clever bunching of hits in the fifth, sixth, and seventh, brought in the other scores. Lewis and Clark played a little "baseball" in the seventh and eighth, and made things look interesting for a while. The game ended with the score 6 to 3, in North Central's favor.

Torkelson pitched in good form, and the work of Rockstrom, Skadan, Anderson, and Melsaacs was exceptionally good. Both pitchers were hit hard, but Torkelson scattered his offerings and was never in very "hot water."

The batteries: North Central, Torkelson and Daniels; Lewis and Clark, Keith and Hatch.

With the winning of the baseball series, North Central won the fourth City Championship, in athletic contests, for the 1914-15 season.

THE TAMARACK

In a sensational game of football North Central won the first championship of the season by the 26 to 0 score.

Basket-ball started like a losing proposition. The first two games were lost by overwhelming scores. Woodward was the man, though, to make the team "come back," and the second championship was annexed.

Many doped Lewis and Clark as the winner in Track, but the North Side fellows "came through" and won by a 23-point margin.

In baseball, the record was not to be broken, and after a defeat of 9 to 0 the team "delivered the goods" and won the series by taking five out of seven games, two of them shutouts.

TO OUR COACHES

Moyer, Woodward, and Davis, "the best men in the world" according to the fellows on the team as well as the school at large. "Men" all the way through who have "delivered the goods" and made North Central champion in all branches of athletics. Again—Here's to our Coaches.



Mr. A. M. Johnson
Faculty Director of The
Tamarack

EXCHANGES



THE "SCHOOL ACTIVITIES" number of the "Totem" was published to awaken a larger appreciation in them. It begins with "messages from the class presidents which are published with the purpose of pointing out our duties in regard to a few of these activities." This number was bubbling over with school spirit.

There have been two rival issues of the "Columbiad." The first was issued by the "Day Dodgers" and the second by the "Boarders." Both issues were exceedingly good, showing that the rivalry isn't such a bad thing.

The April number of the "Student" was dedicated to everybody because

"From the Faculty to Freshmen, everybody is loyal and true,
From September to June, everybody is plugging to get thru.
Everybody has burdens and cares while he's here,
All along the way and thruout the school year.
But Central has reason to be glad of you all,
For everybody's ready as soon as she calls."

"The Soul of the Phonograph" is a sad, sweet story of mountain life in Kentucky. The articles on "Show Me Your Books" and "Napoleon" were short but very good.

"The Comet's" April Fool number was the best humorous number we have ever received. The frontispiece, "The Jitney Bus Will Get You, If You Don't Watch Out," was a splendid cartoon of the dream of the traction magnate. The three winning stories in the Humor Contest were published. Each was different and good. The cartoon, "April Fools and Other Fools You Have Met," showed splendid talent.

"The Steelhead" has some novel features; the "Sophomore Gazette" is one which is worthy of praise. It contains some good jokes and cartoons and occupies about three pages of the magazine. "The Blockhead" is another. The "Back to Nature" number was delightfully original.

THE TAMARACK

The students of Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minnesota, are starting a campaign for paper towels instead of the old unsanitary roller-towel. This shows they are working to better their school.

There are many exchanges which we will not be able to tell about because of limited space, but, nevertheless, we wish to thank them and congratulate them on the splendid issues this year.

OUR SCHOOL GARDEN

There's a class in Agriculture
In a high school in our town,
Every pupil is a worker,
And they "do the thing up brown."

Out a little from the center
Of the city by the falls
Is a plot of, say, two acres,
'Tis to this sweet Nature calls.

Here you find a gentle pansy
Neighboring with the lowly wheat,
Each one does its simple duty;
To your eye it is a treat.

In this little toy-like garden
Every pupil does his part,
One can see how every effort
Comes direct from earnest heart.

Now this tiny little garden
Is a mirror, in a way,
Of the larger, greater doings
In our high school day by day.

May this mirror always truthful
Never need to blush with shame
For the things therein reflected,
Let each day add to its fame.

—Berenice Graham.

Since September



Archie's Favorite



The Calendar of dances.



At the school gardens.



"No body home"



Spring track meet.



In the Lewis & Clark trench.

A L U N N I



HAT the feelings of the alumni members of North Central toward the Tamarack may be, we do not know; but they certainly must welcome the book when some classmate's letter is printed in it. The intention of the alumni editor is to publish such letters, as well as to let the students of North Central know what graduate members have done or are doing.

Alumni Editor of The Tamarack,
Greetings, N. C. H. S.!

The budding trees and balmy sunshine that we "Butteites" have been enjoying for the past month make one feel like jumping with joy and shouting "hooray." California was never like this!

I must refrain from extolling the praises of Butte for, personally, I do not like the place. The horizon is broken on every side by jagged ridges and tall smokestacks. The ore dumps that are seen on every hand speak loudest of the enormous extent attained by the toilers in the mining operations.

There is something inspiring about the somber superstructure of the mines surrounding the city, and one cannot help admire the genius of the brain that designed the "upper workings" of the richest hill in the world.

At present, I am employed as prescription man by the Newbro Drug Company—the largest in Montana—and have been quite busy.

I have found enough time, however, to prepare for and successfully take a government examination for Food and Drug Inspector, and also the Montana Board of Pharmacy examination. The latter was taken at the State Capitol in the model little town of Helena. To date I have not heard from Uncle Sam, but have received my certificate of registration from the State Board. Of course, I consider myself fortunate to become one of the eight successful applicants out of twenty-one entries. Montana reciprocates with thirty-three states, and as a result, I have become automatically registered in that number. I am sorry to say that Washington is not included.

Hoping that all is well with North Central, I am

Very sincerely yours,

T. GORDON BRACKING.

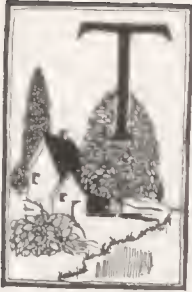


Ed Quigley

Fables in Slang

Stuart Lower
(With Apologies to George Ade)

The Goat and the Stone Wall



HERE was once a Goat who had a very foolish Pride in his own Powers and Strength. Now this Goat had always been accustomed to Butting-in, and, inasmuch as he had always Struck Something Soft, he had usually succeeded! He was a young, self-centered Goat, and one day, alas, he met his Water Lulu.

The Master of the house, as the mortgage was due, decided to sell the Old Father Goat to the butcher, since he was getting old and infirm, and might die any minute. He did this, the butcher did, and the old Goat did for Hot-Dogs.

Since the Young Goat did not have his Papa to watch over him now, he decided to investigate the Surrounding Country. In his rambles he came upon a Stone Fence. In a Tone of Authority he demanded:

"Out of My way!"

But the Fence was a Hard Old Nut and refused to move.

Thereupon the Goat Charged.

!!! ***** ??? !!

When he awoke the Fence was still standing, and the Moon had risen from the Eastern Hills. He had a Headache, and was forced to take some Salts, which were not pleasant.

Moral: Some Block-Heads Get Sore-Heads.

* * * *

The Fable of the Loud Ha! Ha!

There was once a ? who went to North Central. The only thing he could see in the world was Himself, and there wasn't much of That.

When the Tamarack came out, he immediately started to Knock. He was certainly some Knocker, and his Sounder was his Head. He didn't like this, and he didn't like that; at least, so he said.

But suddenly, Wonder upon Wonder, he started to laugh. He Ha-ha-ed for a very long time, and his classmates inquired as to the Cause. It had come to pass that the Editor had let one of ?'s own stale Jokes slip into the Book by mistake. He kept on Ha-ha-ing until he got tired and then he had to quit, but he told the whole School that there never was a better Tamarack.

Moral: If the Jokes Can't Make You Laugh, Stand Before the Looking Glass.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SCOTCH-IRISH CLUB'S CONSTITUTION

"Preamble—We, the meat and the bone (strong on the bone) of North Central High School, in order to form a more perfect combination, establish mob rule, insure peaceful repose during our vacant periods, and promote general discord for instructors, students, etc., do hereby ordain and establish this constitution for all 'Micks' and 'Maes' of North Central."

Art. I.—The president of this clan shall remain in office only so long as he can 'clean' the assembled members of the clan."

"Art. XXIII, Sec. 7,942,643.—The clan call shall be a cross between an Irish yodel and 'The Campbells Are Coming.'"

"Art. XXXI, Sec. 22.—The clan holiday shall be decided on the first day of each new year by a free-for-all scrap, choice lying between St. Andrew's Day and St. Patrick's Day."

"Art. XXXIII, Sec. 23.—The official beverage of the clan shall be the good old 'Scotch Rye.'"

"Art. IVX.—Honorary Members.—By a unanimous vote of the club the following have had honorary membership bestowed on them:

"St. Patrick, Patrick Henry, Fitz Patrick, Patrick Clark, Patrick O'Brien (Bob O'Brien's great-great-great grandfather)."

"Amendment I.—Funds of this club shall be used exclusively to bail fallen members from 'the coop.'"

Student: "Where is the fire?"

H. B.: "Oh! It's come back."

Mr. Ramsey (History VII): "William, have you read the assignment?"

Bill R. (sleepily): "Yes, ma'am."

Harris (coming near the school): "I thought I heard the orchestra but I guess it was the door squeaking."

Mr. Ramsey: "Cornwallis could back out by sea, Verna, couldn't he?"

Verna: "He'd get his feet wet."

Lillian B. (reading in the "Oregon Trail"): "The man rode along like a partridge" (meaning patriot).

Barber (to a little Freshie): "Well, young gentleman, what kind of a haircut will you have?"

Freshie: "Just like Mr. Lienau's, with a hole in the top, please."—Exchange.

"Do you obey the Bible injunction to love thy neighbor?"
 "I try to, but she won't let me."—Exchange.

Sing us a song of high school,
 A locker full of books;
 Some of which we carry home,
 Just for sake of looks.

—Exchange.

Carl S.: "Caesar placed the winter quarters of all the soldiers in the Belgians."

Miss Gibsou: "This sounds too much like cannibals."

Mildred K.: "He listens to catch the breezes with his ear."

Mr. Lienau: "Some ears!"

Mr. Coleman (English IV): "And the officer shot the man through the chest."

C. A.: "Why did his own officer kill him?"

Mr. Coleman: "He shot him to save him from dying."

Miss Broomhall (Spanish II): "Gilbert, read on."

Silence.

Miss Broomhall: "Ah, Gilbert isn't here today but the answer would have been the same if he was, I suppose."

WANT ADS

WANTED—A job as a side-show barker with a circus. Might consider job of hash-slinger and barker with hot-dog booth.

—“Butts” Neely.

WANTED—A membership with the Scotch-Irish Club.

—Carol Hocking.

Me too!

—Olive Paulissen.

FOR SALE—Full-blooded “Cocky Spaniel.” Name, Harry Irvin. Call Harrison’s Ranch.

—Gordon Cook.

WANTED—A peroxide to dye my hair dark.

—Florence Woodward.

I have several “chickens” for sale. See me immediately.

—Dave McKenzie.

WANTED—A diploma.

—Sig Blum.

FOR SALE—One German textbook, well cribbed. This offer is an exceptional one for students entering German IV. Apply to Wilfred Anderson, Room 305.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Old junk, suggestions collected in making Class Will. Apply Class Will Committee.

— SEEN IN THE GYM —



"SOMEBODY SWIPED
HIS SHOE"



TURNING FLIPS FROM
THE SPRING BOARD



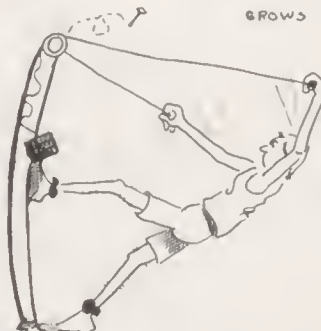
THE SEVENTH PERIOD
HAD SOME GRACEFUL DANCERS



IN CASE HE
GROWS



PLAYING CATCH WITH
THE MEDICINE BALL



SOME DAY OSWALD
WILL BE STRONG-
LIKE PAPA

Teacher: "Alice, what is the most important fruit of France?"

Alice: "Silk worms."

Mr. Ramsey: "Arts VIII girls go to the drawing room."

Art M. (blushing): "Oh, don't bawl me out like that."

Miss Bostrom (German II): "What is the meaning of 'sobald'?"

Freshie: "Why, er, a that has reference to Herr Lienau."

Little Willie from the mirror,
Licked all the mercury off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure the whooping cough.

At Willie's funeral, Willie's mother
Sadly said to Mrs. Brown,
" 'Twas a chilly day for Willie,
When the mercury went down."

—Exchange.

Mr. Collins (Economics): "Suppose a man has a library, and his wife dies, and he doesn't read it for two or three years. Would the library be an income?"

Leslie C.: "It would be worth more."

Mr. Collins: "How's that?"

Leslie: "He'd have more time to read it."

Teacher: "Ray, have you a book?"

Ray F.: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "Where is it?"

Ray: "Home."

Miss Bigelow (English V): "Name something you have been called upon to explain in the past week, excluding school work."

Student: "My conduct."

Call to Arms

Wanted—A large number of Spokane citizens, to guard Mr. Ramsey's apple in Room 305. Attempts have been made by members of the Senior A Class to steal this precious article.

"I think 'Lohengrin' is wonderful," said one lady.

"It's not bad," said the other as she handed the conductor the fare, "but I just love 'Carmen'."

The conductor blushed. "I'm sorry, Miss," he said apologetically, "I'm married; but you might try the motorman. I think he's single."—Exchange.

Freshman: "The Seniors are not what they used to be."

Senior: "What did they used to be?"

Freshman: "Freshmen."—Exchange.

Lines of Caesar oft remind us;
We can make our lives sublime,
Just by asking silly questions,
Taking up the teacher's time.

—Exchange.

Use The Latin For a Change

Crede mihi—Take it from me.

Te recipe—Chase yourself.

Id Svenio dice—Tell it to Sweeny.

Nemo domi—Nobody home.

Habe felicem—Have a heart.—Exchange.

Tommy: "Oh, mamma! Here's a green snake."

Mother: "Keep away from it, it may be just as dangerous as a ripe one."—Exchange.

A little piece of rubber,
A little drop of paint,
Makes a bad report card
Look as if it ain't.

—Exchange.

When the clock strikes thirteen, what time is it?
Time for the clock to be fixed.—Exchange.

Miss Bemiss' History Class.

Student: "The Romans never drank wine unless it was polluted."

Famous Expressions of the Faculty

Mr. Bonser—Along that line.

Mr. Kaye—So far so good.

Miss Hamilton—Just a minute, girls.

Miss Hitchcock—Well!

Mr. Ramsey—I hope to see the time.

Mr. Prickett—Oh, yes, I see—

Miss Ware—Now, my boy.

Mr. Endslow—Lack of attention will eventually mean lack of grades.

Miss Bechtel—Such ignorance is absurd.

Mr. Kreider—Girls! Girls!

Miss Fehr—Ich weiss nicht.

Mr. Collins—That reminds me of a joke I heard.

Mr. Hargreaves—Now, I don't see why.

Mr. Sanborn—All right. Go ahead.

Miss Gibson—Are you all listening?

Miss Clarke—Such recitations are destructive to grades, I am sure.

Mr. Davis—That can be explained by experiment.

Miss Mosher—Now, children!

Miss Fargo—I have a little announcement to make.

If Merrill La Fontaine should be a soloist, what would Robert Kolbe?

If Louie Myers cut the grass, what would Leroy Moe?

If Helena is Pearl, is Elsie Stone or Paul Cole?

If Denton is a Peacock, is Harve a Partridge or Neva a Martin?

If Inez should Hale, would Freda Storm?

If Nyle Harrison got married, would she be a Cook?

If Frank is a Taylor, is John a Groom?

If Winifred Bagley can draw, can Adolph Mark(s)?

If Mr. Ramsey should bar the door, what would Harold Locke?

If Carol Hocking should sing, would Lois Roper?

If Ruth is Brown, is Nellie Gray?

Mr. Prickett: "You know, hoboos aren't very dangerous persons—except to ham and eggs."

Miss Sammons: "What is the plural of one?"

Cecil C.: "Two."

Just Suppose

Merrill La Fontaine's hair was straight.
 Ralph Neely didn't talk so much.
 Amanda Nash came to school alone.
 Homer Collins should smile.
 Dave McKenzie stopped fussing.
 Nellie Gray walked home alone at noon.
 John Koontz wasn't so important.
 James Lindahl wore long trousers.

Mr. Kennedy, explaining a piece of a machine to the class, placed his hands upon the handle and turning it said: "You notice that this machine is turned by a crank."

Miss Patterson (English I): "Albert, what is wrong with this sentence, 'We rented a boat from a farmer that was fifteen feet long'?"

Albert R.: "I think it's a misprint because I never heard of a man that tall."

One day the English I Class was making a study of the dictionary and they came upon the word procrastination. That night one of the students of the class, wishing to show off his knowledge, said to the conductor: "Mr. Conductor, I want to be procrastinated at Nora Avenue."

German Dialogue

Geraldine H. (in a faint voice): "In the afternoons we shall go walking."

Mr. Lienau: "You people have pretty slim chances if you don't warm up more than that. You ought to be left out in the cold."

Miss — —: "My, what sad news!"

Gladys W.: "Oh, Mr. Ramsey, we are going to wear Lillies of the Valley for graduation. Don't you think they will show up nicely on the green back-ground?"

And Gladys wondered why he laughed.

Student (in English, giving life of Mary Freeman): "She was educated at Mount Holyoke Cemetery" (Seminary).

Colored Mammy: "I want to see Mr. Cummins."

Office Boy: "Mr. Cummins is engaged."

Colored Mammy: "Well, the Good Lawd knows I doan want to marry 'im, honey."—Exchange.

Parenthetical Remarks

A well-known Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted into his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it worked
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't)

— San Francisco Bulletin.

"It looks like rain."

"What looks like rain?"

"Water."—Exchange.

Miss Beechel: "Bryant, in the sentence, 'The hat cost three dollars,' parse the word 'three', "

Bryant B.: "Three is an adjective, masculine case."

Miss Beechel: "Why, how can you tell it is masculine?"

Bryant: "It would be ninety-three if it was feminine."

Mr. Lienau: "The barbarians stood still, being very much moved."

When Herman Pounds will Delia Hammer?

Rock-a-bye Seniors,
On the school-top;
As long as you study,
The cradle will rock.
But when you stop working
The cradle will fall,
And down will come Seniors,
Diplomas, and all.

—Exchange.

Tommy: "Father, what is the difference between a vision and a sight?"

Father: "Well, my son, you can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but don't call her a sight."—Exchange.

For Good Looking Seniors—
ḡpəḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ

—Exchange.

Estell H. (Latin IV): "On account of the long continuation of rain the soldiers were not able to keep themselves under their skins."

Mr. Sanborn: "Scientists tell us that man is descended from an animal which lived in the water."

S. Lower: "Maybe that's why there are so many suckers today."

Circumstances: Fire wagons just passed the school-house and the students in Room 305 stood up to see where the fire was.

Mr. Ramsey (innocently): "Children, shall we go and see the fire?"

A teacher was giving a lecture on the rhinoceros, and he found that his class was not giving him all the attention needed. "Now, students," said he, "if you want to realize the true hideous nature of the animal you must keep your eyes on me."—Exchange.

Teacher: "What is the Hague Tribunal?"

Student: "The Hague Tribunal are——"

Teacher: "Don't say are, say is."

Student: "The Hague Tribunal isbitrates national contro-versies."—Exchange.

A. Longfellow

Beating his way on a freight train,

A hobo, greatly renowned,

Was seated on top of a box-car,

With his feet trailing over the ground.

—Exchange.

The little boy had brought home perfect school reports for several months and then his marks suddenly took a tremendous slump. His father viewed the last one with evident disapproval.

"How is this, son?" he asked.

"Teacher's fault," said the boy.

"How is it the teacher's fault?"

"She moved the boy that sat next to me."—Exchange.

Love your enemy and maybe he will come up close enough so you can swat him.—Exchange.

Prof.: "You remember last semester I told you about Amoeba?"

Student: "Yes, I remember her well."—Exchange.

History Teacher: "What birds did the Romans consider sacred?"

Student: "Birds of prey."—Exchange.

"Well, I see the rabbits are helping out the movement of the south."

"How's that?"

"They're wearing cotton tails."—Exchange.

Miss Borresen (German I): "How are the second class of nouns formed?"

A. S.: "They are formed by words of more than one syllable and words of less than one syllable."

Miss Borresen (smiling): "I have learned something new."

Freshie saw an awful snake,
 Freshie's blood just simply froze;
 But he'd made a great mistake,
 'Twas but the vacuum cleaner hose.

Mr. Kennedy: "Ray, tell me all you know about the decomposition of forces."

Ray Foley: "Ah! It's all rot."

Mr. Rice (Chorus): "John Culliton, I'll have to get you a trellis. You're just like a sweet pea—always climbing over some one."

Mr. Ramsey (History VIII): "Out of what elements was the present Republican Party made?"

(Correct answer: Free-Soilers, Barn-Burners, etc.)

Bertha Q.: "Free thinkers and barn doors."

Miss Hamilton (Sewing): "Haven't you any pins, Frances?"

Frances P.: "Yes, Miss Hamilton, I guess you're sitting on them."

In History I a student failed to recite the topic, in full.

William F.: "Oh, Miss Gibson, she didn't tell it all!"

Miss Gibson: "All right, you finish."

William: "The poor men would go to the fountains to bathe but the rich men would have their slaves pour a cup of water on them."

The other day Ralph Neely appeared in Miss Bigelow's doorway and asked, "Is this where I have English?" The apparition disappeared and Miss Bigelow said, "Gilbert, shut the door before anything else gets in."

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Florence Woodward (Pub. Sp. II): "My selection is a love story. It's pretty good." (Cheers from the class.)

Florence: "Well, it's a fine story."

Miss Rogers smiles.

Florence: "You know what I mean?"

Miss Rogers (blushing): "No, I don't."

Mr. Sanborn: "A meridian is a line connecting two poles."

Gilbert Cundy: "How about the clothes line?"

Mr. Coleman: "What great abstract quality are all students seeking? We see it over the entrances of some large colleges."

Students: "Learning—Truth."

Paul Cox (brightly): "Welcome."

Mr. Sanborn (Geology): "What are the oldest animal structures in the world?"

Willis Campbell: "Canned salmon."

Ethel Bradley (English IV): "I like the 'Literary Digest' best. When you are looking for anything—business men, I mean—you can find it."

Student: "Why, Ethel!"

Student (asking for another topic in History): "I couldn't find anything about that. I would like to have one—the life of—some great man or——"

Mr. Collins: "That's what all young girls are after."

Dave M. (coming into Room 305): "Where's Emmet Brandt?"

Wilfred Anderson: "Oh, he's up there in that empty seat."

Mr. Sanborn (Geology): "Speaking of glacial formation, what caused the ice to retreat?"

Silence from the class.

Mr. Sanborn: "Well that comes later. We'll discuss it then."

Leslie Cleary raised his hand.

Mr. Sanborn: "Well, what do you want?"

Leslie: "I want to tell about the cause of the ice retreat."

Mr. Sanborn: "All right. Go ahead."

Leslie: "They don't know."

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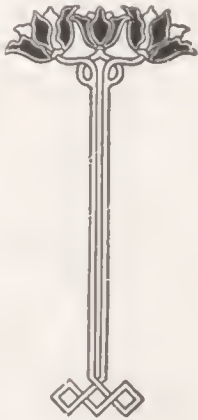
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Bright Sayings in French IV.

Ruth C.: "A mouse bathed there and then flew away with a strident cry."

Gladys M.: "He was wrapped in a muffler up to his nose, knitted by his grandmother."

Mr. Lienau (hearing the North Central Band practicing outside): "There should be an ordinance that."

Mr. Kreider (assigning special topics): "Which one will you take, Jeanette?"

Jeanette: "I prefer dying (dyeing) to any of them."

Prof. in Eng.: "Why, Milton would spend a week over one paragraph."

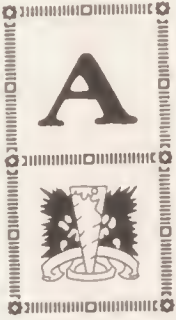
Senior: "Oh, that's nothing. A fellow up at prison is spending five years on a sentence." Exchange.

"Say, who belongs to the Irish Club?"

"I don't know, but I think Olive Paulissen and Carol Hocking have applied for membership."

Mr. Collins (Economics): "How many were engaged in preparing your breakfast this morning?"

New Man: "About seven thousand."



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Miss Broomhall (French III):
"Translate that literally, Beatrice."

Beatrice: "He was born with his
head on." (He was born with his
hair dressed.)

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Mr. Johnson (Botany II): "Does any one live near a bunch of Yellow Bells?"

Several answers.

Mr. Johnson: "Well, does any one live near a bunch of Grass Widows?"

Student: "What does Mr. Johnson want with Grass Widows?"

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Ray Foley: "They aren't sensational enough."

Lois Roper (Latin VIII): "Pleasing husbands—"

Mr. Lienau: "Not pleasing husbands. Not yet."

Lois (blushing): "Sweet husbands."

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Mr. Kaye (in History VII): "What was the matter with Washington's army before Bunker Hill?"

Howard S.: "He couldn't depend on them. They deserted him in the middle of the champagne" (campaign).

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Miss Olney (Sewing VIII): "Girls, you may pair off and hang each other."

Florence R. (selling tickets for the Wendell Phillips Club entertainment): "The price is fifteen cents. Now, Miss Rogers is going to read and she alone is worth fifteen cents."

Olive Paulissen: "I'll dare you to put my name on the honor roll, Mr. Ramsey."

Mr. Ramsey: "I never was good at comedy."

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Ruth S. (History IV): "Mr. Collins, what is the difference between a white lie and a black lie?"

Mr. Collins: "Only a matter of color."

Beatrice C. (French III): "I need a thought for that—a pretty thought. I will dream in my woolen overshoes."

Leslie T. (discussing poetry in English): "When you are looking for your feet you don't take them."

Zalia Gelse (in Harmony): "Where is the tenor?" (staff)?

Mr. Rice: "Will some one introduce Zalia Gelse to the tenor?"

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Panamas

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Shirts

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A. C. KIRKWOOD

Neva M.: "They were chasing each other like a flock of sparrows."

Miss Broomhall: "Does that mean the children or the stoves?"

Four years of bluffing,

Four short years of stalls,

Make the would-be Seniors

Think they're "know-it-alls."

—Exchange.

Mr. Ramsey (to Mildred D., who doesn't know any "current events"): "Mildred, have you read your 'Independent'?"

Mildred: "Why—yes, I read the jokes."

Mr. Kreider (assigning special topics to the Household Chemistry Class): "What did I give you, Genelle?"

Genelle: "Headache tablets."

Don't Forget

Bob

and

Jack's

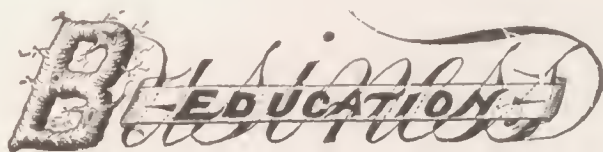
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drugs and drug sundries; our
prices are as low as is consist-
ent with good service.

Let us be your druggist

ELK Drug Store

W. C. STONE, Proprietor

331 Riverside Ave.
Opposite Rex Theatre

R. Smith: "Gypsum is a constitu-
ent of clay and sand."

Mr. Sanborn: "Warry boy, if you
were found between two bed covers
would you be a constituent of the
bed covers? That has the same mean-
ing as what you said."

Elsie Seagrave (History VIII):
"For my outside reading I'm going
to take somebody's life."

Neva Martin (Latin VIII): "They
laid down their soft minds and
dragged about their dark bodies."

Mr. Lienau: "Soft minds are good
things to lay down."

Mr. Sawtelle: "What was Pente-
cost?"

H. Olin: "A Grecian Temple."

Vacation Time

Get ready for your outing
trips to the lakes and sea-
shore by making up your
gowns **NOW**. We have

*White goods for cool eve-
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coming dresses*

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Ripplettes, those famous
rough dry fabrics, just the
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*Long white silk gloves for
all occasions*

65c, 98c, \$1.25 a pair

*A new line of young ladies
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see them*

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Riverside at Monroe

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Your Vacation—
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Our business is to serve
you cool and delicious
summer refreshments.

Try them

CHOCOLATE SHOP

Florence W. (translating German IV): "Is the mare shod?"

Mr. Lienau: "Shod. Shod."

Florence: "What?"

Mr. Lienan: "Shod is a better word."

Florence: "Does that mean it had shoes on?"

In English IV.

Q. "Give the origin of the question: Resolved, That prohibition in the State of Washington is judicious."

A. "A belief held by some that all spiritual drinks are injurious."

Student (giving "Events in Order"): "Explosion of Hippas" (Expulsion of Hippas).

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of the past and present were
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is he who best conserves those
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PANAMA---Five Dollars
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Custom has made the
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assured that he will appear to
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or Commencement Exercises
and every time thereafter
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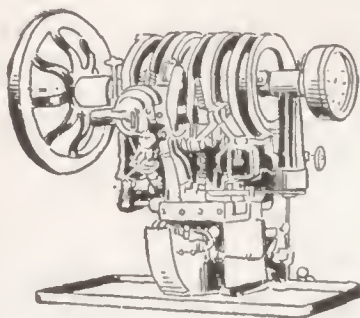
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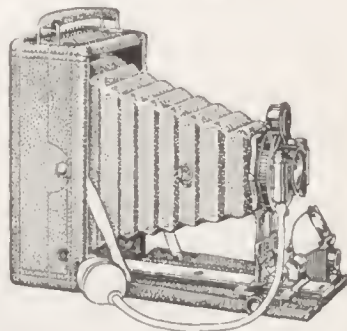
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When you want your
 sole repaired and want
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 to us.

1010 First Avenue

Mr. Collins (History III): "I have
 three meals a day now. If Spokane
 gets twice as large how many will I
 have? Six?"

Frank F.: "One and a half."

Denton P. (Latin IV): "All the
 maritime states sent ambassadors to
 Publicus Cuassius, carrying along the
 public opinion."

Miss Gibson: "I wonder if it was
 hard to carry."

At Masque Meeting

Merton J. (standing behind a piano
 stool in an oratorical pose): "And
 how would I look behind the pulpit?"

Miss Broomhall: "With your eyes,
 I suppose."



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Come along in bunches.
The "Tamarack" has treed you
While we feed you--
U-No the rest,
U-No our lunch is best.

U-NO

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